The Rotarian

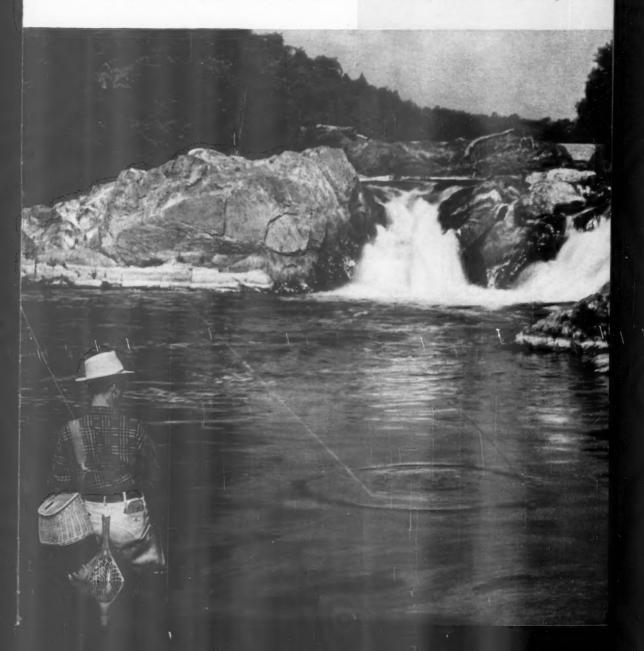
AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST .

China Is Choosing TINGFU F. TSIANG

It's All Woods Back There ROBERT M. YODER

Ratify Genocide Treaty?



Medal Of Honor





Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

Never forget the devotion of Melvin Brown!

Now, this very day, you can help make safer the land he served so far "above and beyond the call of duty." Whoever you are, wherever you are, you can begin buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds. For every time you buy a bond you're helping keep solid and stable and strong the country for which Private Brown gave everything he had.

And remember that strength for America can mean peace for America—so that boys like Melvin Brown may never have to fight again.

For the sake of Private Melvin Brown and all our servicemen—for your own boy—buy more United States Defense Bonds now. Defense is your job, too!

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now every United States Series E Bond you own automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for \$18.75 can return you not just \$25 but as much as \$33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

*U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!





Actuaries 'Know the Figures'

Says George D. James, Jr., Rotarian Insurance Underwriter Unadilla, New York

Perhaps the article Inside Insurance, by Glynn Thomas [The Rotarian for June], was intended to be humorous. It isn't. Perhaps it was intended to be serious. It is. Perhaps it was intended

to draw letters. Here's mine!

I suspect it isn't to be taken seriously. However, Mr. Thomas stated that Ordinary Life runs the risk of paying in more than you get back after 20 years. . . . Life actuaries' personal insurance consists of 97 percent Ordinary Life. These boys know the figures. Certainly more than 3 percent of them planned on living more than 20 years when they took out their insurance.

In Italy, a Difficult Choice

Explains Andrea Malcangi, Rotarian Penal Lawyer Rome, Italy

[Re: You Are the Trial Lawyer-What Would You Do?, THE ROTARIAN

for July.]

A lawyer isn't a public official who is obliged to denounce a crime. Rather, he must keep professional secrecy. Article 622 of the Italian Penal Code provides punishment for a lawyer-or any professional man-who reveals, without just cause, a secret confided to him because of his profession. One might say that here is a just cause. However, we are not trying to determine whether the lawyer should be punished for disclosing a confession made to him, but whether he is obligated to disclose it. This obligation, though a moral one, is not binding if the accused confessed because he knew the lawyer was bound by professional secrecy.

But there is another point. A lawyer cannot abandon a defense for any reason whatever—as provided in Article 129 of the Italian Penal Code. Thus, if he revealed his secret, he would still

have to defend the client.

I shall not try to surmount the moral impossibility. My conscience would be greatly disturbed by the experience.

Feelings Shared

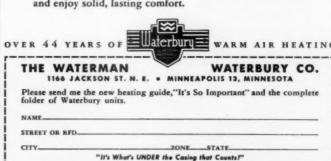
By Mrs. George E. Browne Wife of Rotarian Santa Barbara, California

I saw the picture of Mrs. Frank E. Spain in the article Presenting Frank E. Spain—Rotary's New Leader, by M. Rudulph Norton, in The Rotarian for July. Perhaps, in a small way, I share her feelings as the wife of a President, for my husband, too, is to be a President in 1951-52—President of his Rotary Club.

My husband had been out of college for some time before an opportunity came to become a Rotarian; but when It did, I know what a red-letter day it was for him. I felt how much he grew in mental stature, dignity, and self-con-



Time was, when the advent of cold weather meant months of discomfort, indoors and out. Even the finest homes failed to meet the minimum standards of present-day comfort, and the best that one could hope for was a short heating season. With the years, however, as home building methods have improved, heating equipment has also undergone consistent improvement. Waterbury leadership has produced a complete line of furnaces and winter air conditioners, with models for every size home and every type of fuel. By installing a Waterbury in your home, you can ignore cold weather and enjoy solid, lasting comfort.



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These are more () steel tolding thair in institutional service than do other make

fidence that day. That was the beginning of my heartfelt appreciation for what Rotary means to our husbands.

I have learned, through being a Rotarian's wife, a fuller appreciation of the community in which I live and a better understanding of the types of business problems that confront men in other fields of activity than that in which my husband engages.

I have learned that being a "Rotary Ann" adds a richness to my association with my own husband and a fullness to our life together because, in a measure, I can share that part of his life which must necessarily be apart from home and family.

I am speaking for all wives of Rotarians when I say, "Thank you, Rotary, for what you are doing for the world and for each other, but principally, since charity begins at home, for what you are doing for your wives."

'Cradle' Rocked

By Wendell W. Smiley, Librarian Secretary, Rotary Club Greenville, North Carolina

A number of months ago The Scratchpad Man referred to McComb, Mississippi, as a "gubernatorial cradle" inasmuch as it supplied the service-club world with three District Governors for 1950-51 [see page 46, The Rotarian for November, 1950]. May I be permitted to rock that cradle a bit with the information that Greenville, North Carolina, can go McComb one better?

Greenville has four service clubs: Rogary, Kiwanis, Lions, and Exchange. For the year 1950-51 the District Governors for three of the organizations of which the clubs are units are from Greenville. A member of the local Exchange Club is a member of the Exchange Club State Board of Control.

- We honored these four men-one of whom was Howard J. McGinnis, Ro-

tary's 1950-51 Governor of District 279 at a "Governors' Night" dinner. Incidentally, some mathematically inclined service-club member has figured out that the probability of Greenville's service clubs having such officers is once every 105.417 years.

Does that rock the cradle sufficiently to attract the interest of readers of The ROTARIAN?

EDS. NOTE: It does!

Toastmaster Views Approved

By Delcevare King, Hon. Rotarian Chairman, Granite Trust Company Quincy, Massachusetts

In his So You're the Toastmaster [The Rotarian for June] Wm. M. Lamers stated well a number of things which the toastmaster should observe. I liked particularly this sentence: "An excellent speaker can be a terrible toastmaster, and a mediocre speaker can be an excellent toastmaster, all depending on how much commonsense preparation he is willing to make."

Last night I attended a dinner where the toastmaster talked for 15 minutes instead of three, as he should have done,

Years ago, when I was toastmaster, I introduced each speaker with a joke, but now I have learned better, and introduce each speaker briefly. A toastmaster should be the speech starter, not the speech maker.

Let's Do It More Often

Suggests Bert A. Teeters, Rotarian Managing Editor Springfield Newspapers, Inc. Springfield, Ohio

From time to time The ROTARIAN carries items and/or photos of children from public children's homes—especially at Christmas time—being entertained by Rotarians and Rotary Clubs. I think such [Continued on page 53]

Rotary Foundation Contributions

By mid-June, 49 additional Rotary Clubs had made contributions to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 2,363. Since July 1, 1950, Rotary Foundation contributions had exceeded \$236,560. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

AUSTRALIA Liverpool (28). BELGIUM

Ghent (45).

BRAZIL

Niteroi (46); São Paulo Leste (34); Taubate (21); São José do Rio Preto (23).

CANADA

St. Marys, Ont. (44); Fernie, B. C. (33); Kimberly, B. C. (45); South Edmonton, Alta. (25).

JAPAN

Yokkaichi (21); Fukui (30); Naga-

hami City (26); Wakayama (38); Sakai (25); Otsu (34).

NEW ZEALAND Levin (26); Gore (44). SWITZERLAND

Biel (40).

UNITED STATES

Stephenville, Tex. (35); Livingston, Calif. (49); Colby, Kans. (41); Okee-chobee, Fla. (25); Stamford, N. Y. (33); Lansford, Pa. (42); Millvale, Pa. (23); Brookline, Mass. (55); Dover, N. H. (62); Port Washington, N. Y. (21); Brentwood, Mo. (25); Braymer, Mo. (25); Millton-Freewater, Oreg. (39); Logan, Ohio (53); Meridan, Conn. (81); Middletown, Conn. (70); Trenton, Nebr. (22); West Union, Iowa (35); Bryson City, N. C. (52); Grand Blanc, Mich. (21); Hoxie, Kans. (21); Reidsville, N. C. (77); Columbus, Tex. (46); Frederick, Md. (100); Middletown, Del. (32); York, Pa. (210); Belvidere, Ill. (61); Ottawa, Kans. (65); Auburn, Calif. (73); Woodland, Calif. (92).

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

PRESIDENT. With first messions of his Board behind him and early plans for his year down on paper, Rotary's President, Frank E. Spain, was off on August I for two months of Rotary visite in Europe. First stop, via air, was to be Iceland, followed by others in Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, The Metherlands, Belgium, France, Italy, Austria and Switzerland. One of his aims: to visit Rotary Clubs off main thoroughfares of travel. To do so, his mode of travel in the Scandinavian countries will be by motorcar. With him on his Rotary tour will be his wife.

MEXICO CITY NEXT! The reunion at Atlantic City, N. J., was open to all Rotarians, their ramilies, and guests. Rotary's 1952 Convention at Mexico City, Nexico, will be a "delegates' Convention." The dates: May 25-29. Limited hotel facilities in Mexico City make it essential that Clubs select delegates in time to enable requests for hotel accommodations to be made by February 15, 1952.

ARTHUR LAGUEUX HONORED Added to other honors bestowed upon him as Rotary's President for 1950-51, Arthur Lagueux now holds a master of arts degree conferred by Colby College, of Waterville, Me., for efforts as an "indefatigable worker for friendship and understanding."

ROTARY FELLOWS. About the time this issue was reaching its farthest readers, revised material was being mailed to Rotary Club Presidents outlining new procedures for selecting candidates for Rotary Foundation Fellowships. New methods apply to Club and District means of selection. If you plan to submit a student's name to your Club, ask to see this new Fellowships pamphlet.

"FROM HERE ON!" About to come off the presses was the seventh edition of "From Here On!"—Rotary's widely distributed (210,000 copies) book on the United Nations Charter. Containing the full text of the Charter, the new 124-page edition includes parallel comments and discussion questions, examples of applications of the Charter, and extended interpretations related to such important U. M. subjects as the "Disarmament Impasse," "Point Four," "Human Rights," and the "North Atlantic Treaty." Available at Rotary's Central Office at 35 cents a copy; ten or more copies, 25 cents each.

"0. D." IS READY. Scheduled for early-August mailing was Rotary's "Official Directory" for 1951-52. To each Rotary Club two copies are sent gratis: one for the President, one for the Secretary. Additional copies are available for 35 cents each from Rotary International.

BOARD. At its final meeting, Rotary's 1950-51 Board recorded several important decisions. The action, summarized: Agreed that no limit be set on the maximum amount of the Rotary Foundation and that additional ways be suggested to District Governors and Clubs for increasing Foundation contributions; agreed that District Governors be urged to encourage use of senior active membership; recommended that 1952 District Conference programs allow ample time for presentation of scheduled features; agreed that the "Report on U. N. by RI" be continued; adopted the general administration budget and Magazine budget for 1951-52; approved increase of subscription price of "Revista Rotaria" from \$2 to \$2.75; and agreed that minimum admission fee and membership dues for new Clubs in U. S. and Canada be \$15 and \$25, respectively.

VITAL STATISTICS. On June 22 there were 7,354 Clubs and an estimated 549,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1950, tetalled 285.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and tester the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and

(4) The devalopment of acquaintance as an exportunity for service.

[2] High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the displifying by each Restrains of his occupations as an exportunity for



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The Editors' WORKSHOP

NEWSPAPERMEN call that type line they string along the very top of the Front Page an "over-the-roof," "overtitle," or "skyline." Readers with good eyes or strong magnifying glasses will be able to see what use the Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Journal and Sentinel put its over-the-roof one recent



Sunday. For readers with neither, we'll quote it: "How to Win in Asia-By Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas-Page 1-C." On 1-C the J. and S. reprinted our June "lead" article by Rotarian Douglas in its entirety . . . a mighty pleasing example of the wide interest it has evoked.

ALONG THAT LINE and attesting to the durability of features in your Magazine is a letter from Ralph Lynne of Michigan. At a recent meeting of church laymen, says this Rotarian (who heads up a company called Tel-Godd), somebody passed around leaflets relating the story of The Little Professor of Piney Woods. Had a familiar ring to Ralph and sure enough there in small type: Reprinted from The Rotagian, October '45. . . That one, incidentally, has gone to 100,000 reprints.

FOR 14 YEARS alline of type that may have puzzled one or two readers has appeared on the opposite page-the line saying that this magazine is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. For those few we would like to explain that The Readers' Guide is, physically, a row of green books you can see in most every public and school library in the United States and Canada. Functionally, it's a monthly index to what is being written about and by what authors in 117 different North American magazines thoughtfully selected from the several thousand. For your highschool debater, your office researcher, your businessman in quest of ideas, and for many other categories of people, the Guide is the starting point of all research. It is an honor to be among the

117, and we in turn would like to honor Readers' Guide, and the H. W. Wilson Company which publishes it, as the handy green volumes mark their 50th year of helping people. The anniversary edition temporarily broke the green tradition. It has a gold cover.

OFTEN we should remind ourselves that the little and big acts of friendliness and service to others which Rotary encourages are part and parcel of a great tradition that started long before Paul Harris and companions launched the first Rotary Club in 1905. To emphasize this important fact, we started a column consisting of incidents wherein non-Rotarians have exemplified the "Service above Self" ideal. It takes its title from the well-known song That Spells R-o-t-a-r-y! Your contributions are invited. (See this month's incident on page 45.)

NUMBERS of people have said some nice things about a two-hemisphere display that has decorated the Magazine booth at the last three of Rotary's international Conventions. So maybe it's time to note that the man who "dreamed it up," and watched each stick of wood go into it is the genial gentleman shown against part of it in this Atlantic City photo: Ott Klein, of Newton, New Jersey



. . . A magazine in mind.

(right), since July 1 Past Chairman of the RI Magazine Committee. And the man with him? One who has known your Magazine since its cradle days: Past International President Glenn C. Mead, of Philadelphia, the lawyer who succeeded lawyer Paul Harris.

HERE'S A THOUGHT for these opinionated times: "Prejudice is a vagrant opinion without visible means of support." It's from the salty wisdom of the late Ambrose Bierce.-Eps.

LBOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS



U. S. educated, TingFu F. Tsiang holds a doctorate in history from Columbia University. Upon returning to his homeland, he taught at two universities, served as editor of two journals. In World War II he held a Cabinet post,

later headed up relief activities in China. Californian Lorna Calla-HAN, who writes in her spare time, says, "With four youngsters and a photogenic hus-

band, I'm seldom pictured alone." At right is LORNAalone.

Since 1926 MARVEL BEEM has Callahan practiced medicine in Los Angeles. He is a charter member and Past President of the West Los Angeles Rotary Club.



Before turning free lancer, ROBERT M. YODER was a reporter and columnist for the Chicago Daily News and an editor for The Saturday Evening Post. He has written a book, served in the U.S. Navy. His home is in Pennsylvania.

From landscape architecture and forestry work, ARTHUR H. CARHART turned to writing in 1932, and now has more

than 500 magazine articles and several books to his credit. He lives in Colorado. . . . The work of Robert Stein, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and E. JERRY WALKER, of Evanston, Ill., has appeared in several U.S.A. publications. . . . ED-WIN D. NEFF is a science writ-



er for the Washington, D. C., Times-Herald CRAWFORD C. McCullough is an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist in



McCullough

Fort William, Ont., Canada, where he has been a member of the Rotary Club since its founding in 1916. . . . At Iowa State Teachers College Roy L. ABBOTT is a professor of biology. . . . Free-lancer Ruтн WATT MULVEY lives in Mexico

City. . . . Justo Olaran Chans is a Buenos Aires, Argentina, Rotarian.

The cover photo of a New England trout fisherman was supplied by Robert Holland.

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Man's Most Precious Possession

Some reflections by a physician on what it is, how to find it.

By Marvel Beem

Rotarian, West Los Angeles, Calif.

MOST physicians choose their profession from a genuine desire to succor bodies and souls of diseased and distressed fellow humans. That first incentive, however, may be strained as they go through difficult years of study and emerge with a heritage of debt and the prospect of a starvation period before the productive years begin.

As the years go by, the doctor acquires many friends and a few enemies, some triumphs and some defeats, some worthless mining stocks and oil royalties, some rent receipts, an aversion for reduplicated insurance reports, and a set of deeply carved mental grooves. In those grooves his thoughts shuttle in and out to weave a philosophy of life that will mark him among his fellowmen as a worthy follower of a great calling -or a callous opportunist who makes merchandise of the troubles and the sorrows of the weak and unfortunate

But always there comes a day when he, like men of other vocations, is brightly aware that life is not a destination but a pilgrimage between the daybreak of childhood and the shadows of the inevitable night. Whatever he chooses to do on this journey is his to do but for a little while. He didn't create his vocation: it was loaned to him by society only for the duration of his travelling time. Soon or late, he realizes, he must lay it down and give answer for its use.

We who have chosen medicine must realize that you, our fellow travellers, expect much of us. You expect us to be trained thoroughly in our sciences and arts. You expect us to be interested primarily in the welfare of our patients and secondarily in the compensation for our labors. You expect us to set an example in character for the youth who so often seek our advice on vital nonmedical questions.

But you have a right to more. You have a right to expect your friend, the physician, to have a great faith-a faith such as led Moses, the greatest health authority of the ancient world, through that dread 40 years in the wilderness of Moab; the same hope that sustained the Galilean Fisherman. who spent more time healing than preaching; the same love for the unfortunate that upheld Livingstone in those dreary years in the Dark Continent; the same inspiration that gave Dr. Sun Yat-sen the vision of a better life for 400 million of the most downtrodden and hopeless inhabitants of this planet of ours.

Medical annals tell of many men who similarly served their communities, but unnoticed and alone. In Calcutta I once stood beside the Victoria Memorial, where millions of dollars were spent to honor Queen Victoria. Not far away is the humble laboratory where in 1898 Colonel Ross discovered the cause and transmission of malaria. Only a small bronze tablet is a reminder of his career and on it are these few lines of verse written by himself:

This day relenting God Hath placed within my hand A wondrous thing, and God Be praised, at His command.



Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds
O million-murdering death.
I know this little thing
A myriad men will save;
O death, where is thy sting;
Thy victory, O grave?

How much greater an honor was given Ross than was ever accorded Queen Victoria, that millions who would never know his name should breathe and have life because of him!

My thoughts are shaped and colored by my vocation, even as are yours. But I hope we may agree that the most precious thing on the globe is not, let us say, universal employment or freedom from fear or even food for all the hungry. As the days have slipped along, I see ever more clearly that the most priceless possession any man can have-regardless of the vocation he follows-is the purpose in his heart to serve his fellows, to bear his own burdens cheerfully, and at last to put down his load realizing that he has fulfilled his individual obligations, and that he is entitled to "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

This possession—beyond price—has little to do with what the world may say, though no one should be criticized for desiring the goodwill and friendship of others.

That of which I speak is an inward thing. It is born and nurtured in our own heart and mind, and there we may hold it secure in the belief that neither thievery nor misfortune can take it from



Days of Wheat

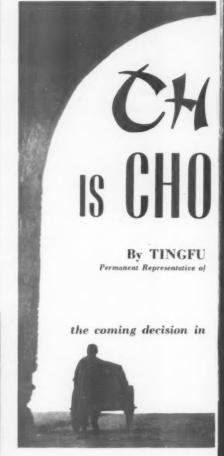
FROM Saskatchewan to the Texas Panhandle, from Ayr to India, this is the season when farmers eye the sky and pray for sunny weather. With whetted sickles and thundering combines, in sweat and gratitude, they move into their golden oceans of wheat to cut it and bring it into shock, stack, and bin. This human rite, as invariable as Summer, was observed before the first Pharaoh ruled Egypt. It will continue in this form or that as long as man eats bread. The woodcut shows a typical harvest scene in the wheatfields of the U. S. Middle West.

A COMMON slogan in the United States is "As goes Maine, so goes the nation." Though I profess to no knowledge of it as a political augury in the land where I temporarily reside, it can be paraphrased with accuracy to forecast the future of the world's largest continent: As goes China, so goes Asia.

This is to say that the Chinese people face a momentous decision, but it is not theirs alone. The future of my country is bound up with issues now being debated in the halls of the United Nations and clarified in the rice paddies and mountain passes of Korea. With China the pivot of Asia, and with Asia's people and resources of such enormous importance to the world, it behooves all men of roodwill at least to understand the choice China faces

On one hand lies the path to Communism. Mao Tre-tung has been frank in avowing his aims. In a speech on July 1, 1949, for example, he left no doubt as to the subservience of his China to the Soviet complex of nations. The object of his party, he declared, was "to ally with the Soviet Union, to ally with the new democratic countries of Europe, and to ally with the proletariat and masses of the people in other countries to form an international united front."

This modern form of Russian imperialism—perhaps we should call it commu-imperialism—has long been on Moscow's blueprints. Marshal Stalin and Lenin before him always thought that the conquest of Europe could be achieved by way of Asia. As soon as Bolshevik leaders won power in Russian imperial statements of the statement of the

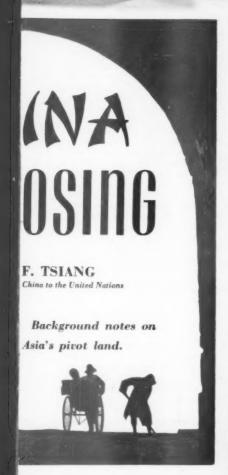




Through the streets of Shanghai, Communists parade on stilts with a picture of Red Leader Mao.

sia, they turned their eyes to China. In 1921, in Shanghai, with the assistance and in the presence of a representative of Lenin, the Chinese Communist party was formed. In the Spring of 1927, when it seemed to be doing well, Communists from Russia, India, and Western Europe congregated at Hankow to celebrate the beginning of the much-expected world revolution. It was the split between the Nationalist and Communist parties in 1927 which put a temporary stop to Moscow's hope of immediate world revolu-

OR INTERNATIONAL SERVICE PREYOR



have an army of 200,000 men ready to invade or to intervene. Farther to the south is Malaya, and we have the same combination of local Communist revolt and support by the Chinese Communists. The picture is repeated with local variations in Thailand, Burma, India, Indonesia, and The Philippines.

The announced purpose of expansionist activities of the Chinese Communists is to liberate oppressed peoples. But that is a thin cloak over the desire to control the manpower and the natural resources of these countries, particularly rice and rubber and tin. And thus we see in clear relief the somewhat less than idealistic motive of the modern imperialism emanating from Russia, with Mao Tse-tung and his followers as tools of conquest. So

long as this process goes on, Red China cannot be separated from Russia, with which it has a common boundary of more than 3,000 miles. Indeed, political expansion is one of Stalin's most potent preventives against Titoism in China.

That Communist road is one of China's two choices. The other is to seek independence as a nation, taking its place in a family of nations, each seeking to advance the welfare of its people within the framework of the United Nations set up at San Francisco in 1945.

This is the course followed by China until recent years and, moreover, it was in accord with the American tradition of statesmanship. William H. Seward, serving as Secretary of State under President Abraham Lincoln, was the first Westerner to

tion. In subsequent yea s, Communism in China lost ground until by 1936 it was cornered in the semidesert regions of Northern Shensi. But Stalin maintained his interest in China, and his determination and persistence have paid Moscow handsome dividends—for the time being at least.

Today Chinese Communists, aided by Moscow, are in Korea with the objective of annexing it to the world Communist empire. To the south of China is Indo-China with a Communist movement led by Ho-Chi-minh. Chinese Communists have given him moral and material assistance and



Banners hail Nationalist China recruits on Formosa, then girding for a Communist attack.

sense the fact that countries around the Pacific would be increasingly important in world affairs and should be helped to realize their destiny as free nations. The same view was held by John Hay, Secretary of State under Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. He originated the "Open Door Policy" which checked the partition of China's territories.

During the First World War, Dr. Paul Reinsch, then American Minister to China, convinced President Woodrow Wilson to support China in resisting the notorious "Twenty-One Demands" of Japan in 1915. Underlying the ideas and policies of these two American statesmen was the conviction that American security and prosperity were intimately connected with the development of China. They thought that a strong and independent China was to the interest of the United States as well as the Chinese people.

In more recent years Franklin Delano Roosevelt reaffirmed this tradition of American statesmanship. Sumner Welles, in two articles of great historical importance appearing in *Harper's* magazine, February and March, 1951, has revealed the innermost thoughts of the wartime President Roosevelt in relation to China. I can do no better than to quote Sumner Welles:

It was his [Roosevelt's] decision that China should be the keystone in the arch of a new Asia. To him the best way to get a unified and strong postwar China was to do what we could to support the National Government and to make sure that all foreign powers respected China's independence and integrity, in entire harmony with our traditional Open Door Policy. . . . It has been the reversal of that decision that has so greatly contributed to the disastrous course of events in the Far East during the past four years.

Although the course of Chinese independence has been interrupted, it still remains the only alternative to Communism. And just as the Red Government now operating from Peiping is the organ of the Communist party, so the Nationalist Government temporarily seated in Formosa is the only organized force founded on the principle that the Chinese peo-

ple will develop best in an atmosphere of freedom. These facts are incontrovertible.

Criticism is a part of the democratic process, and the National Government is not above it. Charges center on two counts—namely, corruption and reaction—and both merit examination.

I admit that there has been some corruption in the National Government. I do not admit that corruption in China has been worse than corruption in some other countries. In the 15 years I have been a member of the National Government, I have known many men in public life who have served the Government for long periods of time at considerable sacrifice and have remained honest and poor. I would even say that the percentage of honest officials in the National Government of China is probably above the world average. Furthermore, I would opine that if officials of other countries had to live on the pay of their opposite numbers in China, they would have withstood temptation less

Critics say the National Government is reactionary. They intend to convey the idea that it has been fascist and relies upon secret police and that it denies the citizens of China their individual freedoms. Every time such an accusation has been launched in United Nations debates-by Moscow representatives, of course-I immediately issue a challenge. I say: Let the United Nations set up a commission to investigate. If it should find that China, under the National Government, has condemned people for political reasons to forced labor to the ratio of one in China to a million in Soviet Russia, I would accept the judgment that Nationalist China has been reactionary. Or let me take another index: If the people who have lost their lives for political reasons in China should be found to be one to 1,000 in the Soviet Union, I would gladly acknowledge my Government to be reactionary. I have issued this challenge a number of times. It has never been accepted.

The word "reaction" is also intended to mean that the Nationalist Government of China neglects the welfare of its people. No doubt my Government has not done so much in this field as it should—yet it has done more than any previous Government of China and as much as the average of Governments throughout the world.

It established, for the first time in Chinese history, a national health service. Though understaffed through eight years of war with Japan, this was nevertheless able to prevent epidemics of any kind in China.

The Nationalist Government also started scientific research in agriculture. Chinese scientists developed better varieties of rice and wheat so that, before the war, our farmers increased the yield of their land 11 to 13 percent—a fact which is of enormous importance when you realize that China is predominantly an agricultural country.

By giving the farmers improved cotton seeds in 1933-34-35, the Nationalist Government made China for the first time in her history self-sufficient in cotton. The system of national highways in China has been built almost entirely by the Nationalist Government.

ALL this progress was made despite the economic drain of war. When the open clash with Japanese militarism came on July 7. 1937, China had no economic surplus. The curse of poverty in China is as old as Chinese history, It is the fault not of one Government or one regime. It is the accumulated result of centuries and a real remedy would require a concentrated and continued effort of several decades. So China fought the war not with any economic surplus, but by deepening the already deep poverty of the people. The full-scale war lasted eight years. It was coupled with a blockade. These eight years of war and blockade, on top of an old and deep poverty, would be enough to break the back of any country or Government. Before anybody pronounces judgment on my country, let him imagine his own similarly circumstanced and similarly burdened.

In the last two years on the Island of [Continued on page 60]



HOUND IN MY HAIR

It all began-yes, it ALL began

with a dog priced at five cents.

By LORNA CALLAHAN

ONE fine Saturday morning I was out in the garage doing my laundry. The washing machine was humming along nicely, and the children were punctuating their play with only a few of their milder screeches. Another uneventful day, I thought, and was glad of it. I am a woman who appreciates tranquillity.

Just then a man strolled through the back gate leading a shaggy, mournful dog.

"Wanna buy a dog for a nickel, lady?" he called.

I dried my hands and stepped into the yard. "Now look," I began, "this is my busy day. I don't have time for jokes."

The man snapped his fingers, ordering the dog to sit up. "I mean it," he assured me, as the dog went wearily through his paces. "I've just come down from the woods. I can't keep the dog in my apartment, and I thought mebbe a nice fenced yard and a bunch of kids would do the trick."

Immediately my youngsters swarmed around. "Can't we keep him, Mama? Pleas-s-se! We're the only kids in this block who don't have a dog!"

A GLUB SERVICE FEATURE

"Well, I don't know," I hesitated, though I should have known better. Ten minutes later the man had walked out of the yard and I was owner of a dog.

I had never been much of a dog enthusiast. The few dogs in my life had been nothing but trouble. There had been Tighe, in Connecticut, who chewed my mother's player piano and the milkman's legs. Then there was Pal, in Illinois, who dirtied my bedspread when I was more interested in getting out on dates than in cleaning up my room—and Zip, in California, who daily put his paws on my baby wash.

However, I did have my motto to live up to: "First a Mother.' It would not do to let the kids down. The older ones were already getting that appraising look in their eyes as if comparing me to the rest of the neighborhood mothers. All of them were exemplary-the type who never miss a parent-teacher meeting. One had even given up all her spare time to being den mother for the Cub Scouts. Definitely, I would have to do something if I wished to hold my own. This looked like the golden opportunity.

From the very start, however,



the hound was onto me. I suppose he recognized in me a potential dog-disliker and he was out to trap me.

That evening, after dinner, I prepared a plate of the finer left-overs. "Here," I said, in my most wheedling manner, "is your supper. Go ahead and eat."

But the mutt wouldn't eat. He sniffed disdainfully at the plate, and then laid down near the front door.

"Mother," said my Number One Boy, "you're supposed to feed dogs scientifically."

Number One Boy is going-on 12. He knows all the answers. "They have specially prepared food at the grocery. It's two for 29 cents."

DID SOME rapid calculation.
"That's \$1.02 a week, or \$53.04 a
year," I mused. "Seems kind of
high—even for a modern dog.
When I was a little girl, my folks
mixed the table scraps up with
cold tea and fed them to the dog."

"No wonder," observed my boy, "that Tighe chewed on the milk-man." He paused for a moment. "Say," he breathed, "you don't think it's hereditary, do you, feeding dogs garbage?"

"Certainly not," I sniffed, musing on the fact that kids develop faster these days Why, when I was 12 I didn't even know there was such a word as "hereditary"!

Oh, well, I thought, I'm not licked yet. I'll show 'em I'm a mo'her with her children's interests at heart. I'll treat that hound as he's never been treated before. In line with my plan, I got up next morning before the others and took the dog for a fine long walk. And in the evening we went the rounds again, substituting night fog for morning mist, but all else remaining the same.

This got me exactly nowhere with the dog. He condescended to nibble daintily at the 2/29-cent dog food, but he still looked at me reproachfully and he still spent long periods at the front door—waiting.

After about a week of this, I had a talk with my husband. It was all very well to have a dog, I said, but I was doing all the work and worrying. And all I was getting for my pains were

reproachful looks from the dog and uncomplimentary remarks from the kids. "They are hinting," I said, "that I'm not quite right because the dog doesn't take to me. What would you say," I tendered gingerly, "if we just sort of eased the dog out into a more congenial home?" It seemed to me, all of a sudden, a clever way to avoid a showdown.

My husband lowered his paper. "Let's not get excited," he said. "You know as well as I do that all kids have to have a dog. It's normal."

I was about to ask him if he, too, were casting aspersions on my mental balance, when the phone rang. It was the dog's former owner and his voice had considerable heat.

"I hear things aren't so good," he said. "Get the dog to the phone—I wanna hear him bark. I always know how he's feeling by his bark."

Ye gods!, I thought, what next? However, I dragged the dog to the phone. I held the receiver to his ear, but his Master's Voice had no effect on him. And when I let go of him, he slunk back to his position by the door.

"So!" cried the man, when I put the receiver to my own ear, "that's the way it is! I'll be over in the morning."

Next day, he came to check the situation. He walked all around the dog, noting his posture, examining his throat, peering into his eyes.

"I think," he said, "that I'll have to come out every week, at least until we see how this thing works out. I've never seen the dog so unstrung."

When he left, I determined to redouble my efforts. I catered to the beast, scrambling eggs for his breakfast, fixing him milk and cereal for lunch, and boiling soup bones for his supper. Silently I said to him, "Now do your darnedest, doggone you!!"

He did. He ran away. And it took three days' advertising and a deluge of phone calls to get him back. It was only after I promised to tie up the gates and do sentry duty at the front door that the man let the dog remain.

Things went on this way for several months. And then one day

the man announced he was going back to the woods for a spell he didn't know how long he would be gone—and he was taking the dog with him.

The kids set up a terrible howl. They begged him to say he'd bring the dog back. They said they'd do anything—anything—to make the dog happy, if he'd just give them another chance!

"Well!" said the man, "I dunno. I'll think it over. There's somebody around here who doesn't know how to appreciate a good dog. But I'll tell you what: If I decide to bring him back to you, I'll dip his paw in ink and send you his print."

The kids began to weep. Even Going-on-12 had moisture in his eyes.

Grimly I went to pack up the animal's things—his blanket, his wire brush, his extra leash. There, I thought, at least I won't be plagued with the mutt for a while. If I can't have my family's respect, at least I can have some peace of mind.

The dog gave me one last mournful look. "Keeping it up to the bitter end," I thought. But I was determined to be a sport if it killed me. I went over to the brute and gave him a parting hug.

I HAT'S when it happened. All of a sudden the dog seemed to come alive. He began to lick my hands and face, and wag his tail at a rapid clip.

"My goodness!" I gasped.
"What's this?"

"He's kissing you, Mother!" the kids yelled. "I guess he likes you, after all."

The man nodded approvingly, and I bent down to rub the dog's shaggy head to hide my confusion. It dawned on me then just where the flaw was in my campaign. I hadn't shown the poor creature one bit of affection. So how could I expect him to show any to me?

A few minutes later, when man and dog pulled away in the car, and the dog's brown eyes, not mournful any more, looked out the back window at me, another thing made itself clear. The hound had been in my hair since the moment I met him. But not any more. From now on he would be in my heart.

Arch C. Klumph

An appreciation of the

Cleveland lumberman who served as Rotary's President and launched its Foundation.

By CRAWFORD C. McCullough

President of Rotary International in 1921-22

A RCH KLUMPH WROTE his name widely across the pages of Rotary's 46 years of history. It comes seldom to any man within his lifetime to experience so abundantly the fulfillment of his hopes and his dreams. His friends were legion. For he was a kindly man with a great heart. This transcended all his other commanding qualities—business ability, genius for organization, creative imagination, the dry humor; his love of the arts and the esthetic; his courage and steadfastness in the face of rising difficulty.

Seer and doer, he despised procrastination. When as a newly elected Director in 1914 the international Board made him Chairman of a Committee to write a new Constitution, he and his associates wasted no time. The need was urgent. New Clubs were organizing rapidly without uniform standards; history was strewn with wrecks of organizations which for want of foresight and courage to set up adequate machinery of organization and administration had foundered ingloriously. The Committee produced the document which set up Districts, created the office of District Governor, and established the annual District Conference.

One gap remained. It was closed the following year when Arch wrote a Standard Constitution and By-Laws for all Rotary Clubs. This was his crowning achievement. When the Convention legislated these two integrated documents into being, Rotary had turned the critical corner. The sound basis for cohesive unity throughout the world had been well and truly laid.

More than any other man he was responsible for the Rotary Foundation. He first conceived the idea during his Presidential year. Men and peoples so sorely needed just what Rotary had to offer, he reflected. Rotary could crusade if the funds were in hand. An endowment open to contributions from all men of goodwill is the need. We must get started! It was hard plodding over the next few years. By 1925 he had endorsement by the Board of Rotary International. The 1927 Convention set up the Rotary Foundation. The following year it went into operation. The dream had come true.

Born in Conneautville, Pennsylvania, in 1869, moving later to Cleveland, Ohio, he left school at an early age to help with family expense. He attended night school and at 18 entered the employment of the



Arch C. Klumph, President of Rotary International 1916-17, who passed away in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 3, 1951.

Cuyahoga Lumber Company, of which he rose to be president and, eventually, owner. Entering the Cleveland Rotary Club in 1911, he was President in 1913. He was elected a Director of Rotary International in 1914 and President two years later.

Of distinguished bearing, a dynamic speaker of polished address spiced with a keen but kindly wit, Arch was in high demand as a public speaker all down the years. He loved music and was a discerning patron of other arts. He was flutist with the Cleveland Symphony for 14 years. Many years later he said to a friend, "My heart is in music, my head is in business. I wish my heart could have controlled my life."

Following the Edinburgh, Scotland, Convention in 1921, Arch was one of a group of the then present and past Rotary officials who were received by King George V and his gracious consort, Queen Mary, at Buckingham Palace. Their Majesties made it an occasion of but the simplest formality. Their sincere friendliness and charm put everyone quickly at ease. When Arch was presented, the King at once engaged him in animated discussion of the ideals and aims of Rotary. It is related that at the conclusion the King said to him, "Well, Mr. Klumph, I believe I should like to be a Rotarian." "I see nothing to stop you, sir," was Arch's quick rejoinder. "Your eligibility is certain for a search of the lists of London Rotary Clubs will find no member whose trade, calling, or occupation is that of King." The King laughed

Farewell, Arch. Your memory keeps green in the hearts of us all.



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YES—For Moral Leadership

SAYS JOHN D. HICKERSON

HISTORY is full of examples of "man's inhumanity to man" on a wholesale scale. The persecution of the early Christians by the Roman Empire, the massacre of the Armenians by the Turkish Empire, and the slaughter of some 6 million Jews and Poles by the Nazis are only a few instances of the kind of deliberate mass murder that is now called the crime of genocide.

The conscience of mankind was so shocked by the bestial actions of the Nazis that the General Assembly of the United Nations, at its first session, affirmed that "genocide is a crime under international law which the civilized world condemns," and recommended that a convention be prepared to facilitate the speedy prevention and punishment of that crime. In 1948 the General Assembly, after two years of careful preparatory work by other bodies, adopted the "Convention for the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide." This defines genocide as:

. . . any of the following acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial, or religious group, as such:

(a) Killing members of the group.

(b) Causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group.

(c) Deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part.

Should the U.S.

The Debate of the Month

Two foes of 'race murder'

(d) Imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group.

(e) Forcibly transferring children of the group to another group.

The Convention states that persons committing genocide shall be punished, "whether they are constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials, or private individuals." The contracting parties undertake to provide effective penalties for persons guilty of genocide. Any contracting party may call upon competent organs of the United Nations to take such action as they consider appropriate for the prevention and suppression of acts of genocide.

The Convention came into force on January 12, 1951. The President of the United States has strongly urged that the Senate consent to the ratification of the Convention, and the Convention is now before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

It is a tragic commentary on the state of our civilization at this midpoint of the 20th Century that one has to admit that genocide may again occur. But what assurance have we that another dictator may not someday go berserk and slaughter millions of people belonging to a particular national, ethnical, racial, or religious group? The Republic of Korea recently charged that genocide had been committed by the North Koreans, Chinese Communists, and the Soviet leaders. These charges, which will have to be examined with care, show that the danger of genocide is not a thing of the past.

Genocide was immediately recognized by the General Assembly as a matter which could not be handled by *national* action alone. Genocide, the Assembly decided, is a crime against *international* law, the prevention and punishment of which requires *international* coöperation.

The Convention does four important and useful things: it brands genocide as a crime under international law; it brings the full moral weight of world opinion to bear against this crime; it binds the contracting parties to prevent and punish acts of genocide; and it gives formal and legal recognition to the fact that genocide is a matter of grave international concern and therefore a matter of grave concern to the United Nations.

No one contends that the Genocide Convention is a perfect treaty. Like any treaty, it represents a compromise between differing points of view.

The Convention has been criticized, for example, because it does not refer to "political groups." This term was debated by the General Assembly, but many delegations including [Continued on page 52]

A. Ratify the Genocide Treaty?

view this covenant on its international merits.

NO-It Is a Legal Bramble

SAYS FRANK E. HOLMAN

In 1946 a Human Rights Commission was appointed as a sub-agency of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was made its Chairman. Early in 1947 this Commission announced that it proposed to draft a Declaration of Human Rights and a Covenant on Human Rights. A little later it took up the matter of formulating a "Genocide Convention."

What is "genocide"? The word was coined by a Yale professor, a Polish refugee. Translated into simple Anglo-Saxon, it means "race killing." It goes without saying that all decent men and women are opposed to any program, official or otherwise, which contemplates the destruction of a racial group in whole or in part. But out of this generality of the term "genocide" a whole new class of individual crimes is to be created. Acts are made punishable which are not only purely domestic in character, but public officials as well as private citizens are to be made amenable to international tribunals for a variety of ill-defined and ambiguous so-called "acts of genocide"-to the extent that the causing of "mental harm" to a member of a group, or complicity in so doing, is an "act of genocide."

The United Nations Assembly at its Paris meeting in December, 1948, adopted a Universal Declaration of Human Rights. In the dying hours of the same session of the Assembly, at which the Declaration was passed, the Genocide Convention was hurriedly adopted. At the time little or no publicity was given the matter by the U. S. Department of State. On June 16, 1949, the Genocide Convention was submitted by the President to the United States Senate for ratification and referred to the Foreign Relations Committee.

At a hearing in January, 1950, before a sub-Committee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, members of the American Bar Association Committee on Peace and Law through United Nations appeared and submitted reasons and arguments against its ratification, pointing out the serious loopholes in its content, the failure of its language to include "genocide" committed by Governments—as, for example, the liquidation of political groups in Russia and Russian satellite countries—and the dangerous effect of the document on basic American rights if ratified by the United States as a treaty.

It should be kept in mind that in nearly all na-

tions except the United States, even after the ratification of a treaty, each particular Government may decide when and to what extent, if at all, it is ready to implement the treaty by the passage of national legislation, even though the signatories have agreed generally to enact such legislation. The United States is the only important country (except France and Mexico to some extent) that faces the peculiar legal situation that when a treaty is ratified by our constitutional process (to wit: by the Senate), its provisions become a part of the supreme law of the land without either State or national legislation.

Article VI of the United States Constitution provides that a treaty when ratified becomes "the Supreme Law of the Land"—"Any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary Notwithstanding." In this very fundamental respect the American Constitution is unique.

Unfortunately, those in charge of attempting to "sell" the United Nations Human Rights program, including the Genocide Convention, to the American people have chosen to disregard this distinction. They persist in discussing treaty obligations as though the effect of a treaty were the same in America as in other countries.

They undertake to clinch their position by pointing out that certain proposed treaties, like the Genocide Convention, contain [Continued on page 53]



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How to OVERWORK-and LIVE

Some tips to help you hold up better during these long, tense days.

By EDWIN D. NEFF

NoT long ago the head of a big New York corporation collapsed in the middle of his address at a hospital-campaign luncheon. During the confusion his partner mentioned something about overwork. That same afternoon every man who had been at the speaker's table called his physician for an immediate appointment. All were typical business executives. All suddenly realized something they should have known right along: they and their friend had been pounding too hard, too long.

The story could be duplicated in city after city. You know of a similar case. You will hear of more. For back again are the days of hurry and strain, the 10- and 12-hour days, the lost week-ends. the vacationless months.

When the free nations of the West decided to arm, the finger was pointing just as surely at the older men who must produce the matériel as at the younger men who are being fitted into uniform. One of the problems now shadowing that production is whether the army of executives can take it. The answer depends very largely on the executives themselves.

Both business and Government executives are critically needed in these times. And part of their job is to learn how to stay on the job. A perfect example is the retirement (at 61) of Sir Stafford Cripps, British Chancellor of the Exchequer—the man Winston Churchill called "the greatest brain in the Labour administration." Sir Stafford himself conceded that the retirement was due to stress and strain and that he had suspected it was coming a year before.

"The danger of overfatigue especially in the 40-, 50-, and 60year-old groups," says Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele, of the U. S. Public Health Service, "is always an important public-health problem. It could well become even more important in time of national emergency."

Yet fatigue is an individual problem too. Your problem. You must decide how you can safely take on extra work. Your doctor can help. But there is so far no "miracle drug" to cure fatigue, no vaccine to prevent it. There are, however, a number of danger signals that show up in plenty of time to prevent overfatigue. But before we list them, let's get the whole problem clearly in mind.

Dr. Jack Masur, medical director of the Clinical Center of the Public Health Service, put it this way: The human body has incredible energy reserves in youth. You can recall studying all night, then taking a cold shower before dashing off to early class or an early job. As we get older, however, we keep taking on responsibility at the same time youth's energy reserves are going down. A truck driver may get away with taking caffeine pills to keep his machine on the road all night; he'll get his sleep eventually, and he's under physical tension, not emotional tension. Physical fatigue is more easily compensated for than the emotional and mental strain an executive is under.

There is a point of no return after which you can't make up lost energy with extra sleep. That is where the tailspin begins. Sometimes the heart just stops. Sometimes the mind gives way first; the victim has become too exhausted to separate trivialities from major problems.

Fortunately, as we noted, the

A VOCATIONAL SERVICE PEATURE

danger signals are posted before you reach the shallow end of your energy reserve. You can pick up these warnings long before your doctor can. You know your daily habits; he sees you perhaps once or twice a year.

One of the earliest warnings of overfatigue is headache. It is, heaven knows, one of the easiest to detect. According to Dr. Lester Blumenthal, director of the George Washington University Hospital's headache clinic, overwork can bring head pains in a number of tricky ways. Prolonged mental tension tightens up the muscles in the head and neck, and when the breakdown products of these muscles aren't eliminated soon enough, sharp pain reflexes result.

ODDLY enough, there's a "relaxation headache" too, sometimes called "Sunday headache." This also results from prolonged, severe tension, but the mechanism is a bit different. Sudden and complete relaxation after tough brainwork causes the blood vessels of the head to lose "tone." Blood pounding through the slack vessels stretches the sensitive walls, causing intense pain.

Sometimes persons who suffer few headaches suddenly begin getting frequent and much worse headaches when they take on extra mental strain. This is the migraine type with its nausea and sudden blind spells which force the victim to stop work altogether for two or three days. Dr. Blumenthal tells the story of an Ambassador who came to him with migraine, complaining he could no longer work. A few questions brought out that the Ambassador recently had been appointed delegate to the United Nations by his Government and the headaches



"Sometimes the heart just stops. Sometimes the mind gives way first; the victim has become too exhausted. . . ."

started shortly after his extra duties began to pile up.

He was given a prescription and advised to work only a few hours at a time, then rest before resuming work. His headaches promptly vanished, and he was able to continue at both jobs, though his workdays were a bit longer.

An example of the diagnostic value of headache is the type produced by too much smoking. When you stop to ask yourself why you smoke too much, the key to the problem is at hand. Too much smoking is a sure sign of tension. Nicotine is a stimulant. It spurs your system to supply steady energy beyond the amounts normally available. It is often the start of a vicious and completely artificial speed-up enabling you to draw off energy faster than it is replaced

YET smoking is only a mild stimulant. Its effects are far less dramatic than benzedrine or caffeine, often the next step in the cumulative overdraft from your energy bank. Benzedrine and caffeine are quick and easy medicines to keep you pounding hour after hour, conference after conference, through nine or ten hours at your desk, then far into the night at home.

Sometimes, though, you have to sleep. Then you discover another symptom of the constant buildup of fatigue. You can't sleep. The throttle is still wide open, and the engines, prompted by artificial tuel, keep grinding. There is, however, a convenient brake which will pull the machine up short, before you can ease off the throttle. This may be either alcohol or sleeping pills.

The wife of a stockbroker in a large Eastern city told me she began to realize her husband was working too hard when she went over the family checkbook. During the past two months the check stubs for liquor had doubled. Her husband, normally a light drinker, began taking two or three drinks before dinner and two or three more before bedtime.

"It's odd," his wife remarked.
"He watches the ticker tape every
day for signs of trouble on the
market. Yet there was real trouble
building up in those check stubs."

Far worse than alcohol, how-

ever, are the seductive little sleeping capsules. They are cheaper than liquor and only too easy to get in some States. They seem such a simple way to get to sleep. Yet bad as they have been painted in the Sunday supplements, the true story is even worse. New studies by Dr. Harris Isbell, of the Public Health Service, show that "in some respects addiction to (sleeping pills) is more . . dangerous than addiction to morphine."

Sleeping pills complete the vicious cycle of artificially sustained energy. Stimulants to stay awake. Sedatives to get to sleep. Energy reserves, steadily drained and never adequately replaced, sink closer to the bottom of the pool. Now we have reached, or come dangerously close to, the point of no return. Drastic and prolonged treatment is necessary. Yet the whole tragedy is preventable. There is something every busy man can do to stay on the job, and even keep reasonably fit.

Let's go back to the fellow whose wife suddenly realized how heavily he had come to rely on liquor to relax. She pointed out to him that the only reason for the extra drinks was overwork. Together they went over his office -sehedule. Shortly he conceded that several of his most irritating responsibilities could be handled by subordinates as well as himself. His wife moved dinner up an hour, leaving time for him to visit with his family after a long day at the office. If he had to work at night, he made it a point to quit an hour before bedtime, allowing time for his mind to relax before sleep. The plan worked.

The trick is not to force yourself to quit bad habits (usually they are bad only in excess), but to remove the reason for the habits Check over your daily work schedule and see where you can ease off without cutting your production

Here are a number of suggestions culled from executives who have learned to overwork and stay alive. One or more may be useful to you.

 Leave an unscheduled hour in your workday for emergencies.
 Then an unannounced conference, a sudden summons by the head of the firm, won't throw your day out of gear and, incidentally, add to your nervous strain.

2. Work a long week-end into your schedule from time to time during which you and an efficient assistant can take care of piled-up correspondence without constant phone breaks. Phone calls often mean decisions: decisions every few moments wear you down.

3. Learn to work brief rest periods into your day whenever possible. They not only help recharge the batteries, but also break up the steady drain on your energy. A half hour, or less, after lunch and again late in the afternoon are logical times to relax.

4. Try the early-morning hours for work rather than late evening.

5. Avoid heavy meals. Dr. Blumenthal suggests that you and your physician might talk over the English system of five light meals a day instead of three heavy ones. A "spot of tea" in the late afternoon breaks up the grind and supplies new energy. A moderate dinner, followed by another light snack before bed, aids sleep.

Another benefit of the five-meal system is the constant replacing of energy burned up by hard work. It goes without saying, though, that if you eat oftener than three times daily, you must ease up at regular meals; otherwise the extra nourishment goes into extra weight

F INALLY, don't be too much of an eager beaver. Don't develop, work fetishes, like insisting on a clean desk top. Just recall the story of the Army lieutenant who always reached the end of his workday with a desk as barren as a Monday-morning football field. Across the hall a work-harried captain regularly swept piles of unfinished papers into his brief case at quitting time, cursing himself for being less efficient than the lieutenant

"For gosh sake, Lieutenant," said the exasperated captain one day, "tell me how you do it."

"Easy," replied the lieutenant.
"When 5 P.M. comes, I mark
every scrap of unfinished paper
'Attention of Captain Smith.'"

"Why, you lowdown . . . !" screamed the captain. "I am Captain Smith!"

Argentina's Don José

An up-by-the-bootstraps story

of a man who knows how to be rich.

A PIONEERING aviator flies the Atlantic....
On shipboard, a group of repatriates celebrate the Christmas season at sea.... A store clerk goes to the hospital for a long-needed operation....
Tens of thousands of school children gayly throng new school buildings.

These incidents, divergent as they seem, represent the work and philanthropy of one man, one of 200 members of the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires, Argentina. José Roger Balet is his name. Look at Don José, note the handsomely Spanish face of this dapper man in his mid-60's, and you may guess that he was born to wealth and educated as a Spanish hidalgo—but you would be wrong. For Don José is a rarer man than that. He is a self-made man with a good memory. He remembers his homeland and what it was like to be poor—and he remembers it all with deep gratitude toward his adopted country.

It was 44 years ago when he stepped off the ship that carried him to the new land of Argentina from his native Spain. He brought with him his only wealth: a will to work, good health, and the moral stuff to stick it out and carve a future for himself. Soon he had established in Buenos Aires a small business house of his own, a variety store. He prospered. He opened another, then another, until he had 23 branches of his "Bazaar of Two Worlds." He was rich.

Then he began a pioneer project in Argentine employee relations. Signs like this began to appear

on his store bulletin boards: "We lend 100 to 500 pesos monthly, without interest, payable in ten months." As an inducement to education, the Bazaar paid a bonus for each language that an employee learned. For

clerks who had children of grade-school age, the Bazaar bought all textbooks. Finally Rotarian Balet underwrote all medical and dental services for employees.

But Don José's public spirit reached out in other directions. He bought the house in Cadiz, Spain, where the Argentine hero Bernardino Rivadavia had died, and presented it as a gift to the Argentine Government. Also, he set up an important prize for the first pilot, Argentine or Spanish, to cross the Atlantic. It spurred the famous flight from Seville to Buenos Aires by Ramón Franco in his plane, the Plus Ultra.

When 375 Spaniards found themselves down on their luck in Argentina, he financed their repatri-



Rotarian José Roger Balet presents another new school.

ation—and added a characteristic touch. Because they would celebrate the Christmas season at sea, he sent toys aboard the ship so that the Three Kings—those traditional Spanish Santa Clauses—could deliver presents.

Don José financed a flight to the stratosphere, and donated prizes and scholarships to students. And when an earthquake in San Juan Province damaged the birthplace of Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, the famous statesman-educator, Don José paid for its restoration.

It is not difficult to see why the personality of Sarmiento should fire the interest of Don José. For education has become a personal concern of Rotarian Roger Balet. Today illiteracy is one of the major problems of the Western Hemisphere. South of the Rio Grande are some 70 million illiterates, representing a great challenge to all men and agencies who would better the future.

Conscious of his public obligation, Don José has set to work on a large scale. He started by erecting a school building and presenting it to the Argentine Ministry of Education. His Roger Balet Foundation has continued the project so that today he has paid for 50 schools—at least one in every Province of the nation, from cold Tierra del Fuego to the lush green pampas, and even across the Rio de la Plata to Uruguay and across open sea to the Islas Malvinas.

There is an old proverb that says, "The rich man is not one who is in possession of much, but one who gives much." José Roger Balet knows how to be rich.

NEW ZERO TOWNS

HY can't we have a softball team? There's nothing to do in this burg!"

"We need some new industry to shoot life into the old town."

"A public restroom would certainly help!"

"Let's get a water softener. The water is so hard it eats out the pipes."

"The whole town is so unkempt I'm ashamed to have visitors."

When such comments are heard in a small community, they indicate one of two things: either the town is about to give up the ghost —or it is coming alive to its modern possibilities.

If you live in a small community—and something like three-fourths of the world's people do—its future is a matter of deep personal concern to you. If you are a farmer or a city man, you depend on the small town more than you

may think. It's one of your markets, certainly, but looking at it as a historian might, the small community is where democracy, ethics, mutual confidence, and neighborliness have flowered. On top of this comes the modern trend toward decentralization, with industry moving out of the big cities to small-town locations. The future of one nation after another rests to a large degree on its small towns. What about them today—her they thriving, or are they dying?

In the rich agricultural areas of central Illinois we've seen them going both directions. Consider what we found in a few typical towns. There's Cardiff, for instance, once a prosperous coalmining community. Fifteen hundred people lived there. Fine sidewalks lined both sides of the streets. Lots sold for \$1,000 apiece.

Then the coal ran out. Where once 1,500 people lived the census now shows 12. There is nothing left of Cardiff but the eroded slag pile, and engineers don't even bother to whistle as their trains pound through.

We've also been to Roanoke. Here, too, was a community that depended for its livelihood on coal. When the tipple fell with a rumbling crash into the mined-out shaft one night in the early '30s, it seemed to many a prediction of doom. But Roanoke is very much alive today. It is a sound community of 1,200 people who take pride in their neat homes, their progressive civic organizations, their school, and their growing industry. They look with confidence to the future.

What is the difference? That's

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE



what we asked H. Clay Tate, editor of the Daily Pantagraph in the near-by city of Bloomington. Six years ago, in response to frequent requests from small towners who were eager to find a way to build better communities, Editor Tate approached the University of Illinois for expert guidance. He found a kindred soul in Professor Alvin T. Anderson, the quiet, deliberate, and thorough field representative of the University. Both men had a deep personal concern for the future of the small town, and with the approval of the University they set out to find a formula for community betterment.

Five towns were chosen for their experiment-Roanoke, Minonk, Lexington, Stanford, and Colfax. Typical of other communities, they ranged in size from Minonk with a population of 1,897 to Stanford with 482. Convinced at the outset that community improvement can only work from within the towns themselves-that it cannot be superimposed from the outside-the planners made it a rule of the project that each town would have to request a place in the experiment. This formality met, the community-betterment program was officially started.

Representatives of the five towns, including clergymen, educators, farmers, businessmen, war "vets," school-board members, town officials, housewives, and youth representatives, met under the chairmanship of Professor Anderson. "Now, just what are your problems?" he asked. Slowly the answers came, gathering momentum as the evening sped on: "There ought to be a restroom in the town," a farmer said. "Our wives and youngsters don't have anyplace to wait when we bring them to town."

"Why not hire some teachers on a year-round basis—especially the coach?" a teen-ager wanted to know.

"We should have a band. And Summer sports and handicraft and . . ."

"The gym should be open for community parties."

"A water softener would help."
"The stores look awful and the service isn't good. Why not . . ."

When the meeting was at last adjourned, Editor Tate and Pro-



fessor Anderson knew they had hold of something vital. These people were deeply concerned about their communities. They wanted to do something, but they lacked guidance and an over-all plan.

What was the answer? Should a professional community planner be brought in? That was quickly vetoed on two counts: (1) it would be too expensive; (2) just when the advisor was needed most, when the plans were about to be executed, the planner would move out, leaving only a blueprint behind. No, something more fundamental was needed.

N THE next few weeks the Pantagraph publicized the project widely. After all, Rotarian Joseph Bunting, general manager of the Pantagraph, points out, the paper had something at stake, too. A community-minded paper, its management realizes that its ability to serve depends on its coverage, and 60 percent of its circulation came from the smaller communities outside Bloomington. If those communities deteriorated, so would the paper. There was some thought that Bloomington merchants might protest against the paper's promoting competition in the smaller areas, but the city businessmen were quick to perceive that they, too, depended on the small-town merchants. It was like the links of a chain: small town, medium-sized city-Bloomington has a population of 33,000—and big city. Take out one of the links and the whole chain falls apart. With the modern ease of travel afforded by the automobile, if the farmer passed up the small town, he could just as easily pass up the medium-sized city and go to a metropolitan area to make his purchases. So, with the full backing of the Bloomington merchants and the coöperation of the University of Illinois, the *Pantagraph* searched for an answer.

It was found in a five-step program which is readily adaptable to any community that seeks to improve itself:

 A few public-spirited citizens with a sincere interest in the future of their community decide to take leadership in community betterment.

A public mass meeting is called for a free exchange of ideas among all segments of the community.

A community council is authorized at the public mass meeting to serve as the over-all planning and directing force of the betterment program.

4. An executive committee is drawn from the members of the community council. It is the duty of this committee (a) to plan and direct surveys, appraisals, and studies; (b) to analyze results and formulate action programs; (c) to review and approve specific plans; and (d) to encourage other organizations in the community to ac-





In Minonk, Ill., the program starts with newspaper publicity, discussion meetings, and the mailing of helpful booklets and questionnaires. . .

cept responsibility for carrying out approved action programs.

5. Action subcommittees are appointed to carry through on the three phases of community betterment: (a) industrial, (b) cultural and social, and (c) civic. These small, working committees are the sparkplugs of the entire project.

That was six years ago. What has been the result? Has anything concrete been accomplished?

Serious, hard-working Editor Tate answered our question by calling for half a dozen reports and analyses ranging from specific improvements in the towns themselves to a survey of the *Pantagraph's* circulation. "Here," he invited, "look at what's happened to the towns themselves."

The report on Roanoke was typical of those he handed us. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been designated for extension of the hard-surfaced streets. The village water system was extended and a water-softening plant built at a cost of \$60,000. A \$100,000 bond issue was voted for an addition to the high school. Year-round garbage collection was started on a tax basis. A referendum on teachers' housing was voted and the plan approved. Sixty-five lots were brought into the village and utilities extended. A chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America was organized, as was a new Boy Scout troop. A number of small factories, all locally owned and financed, have been established, and a 14-room house has been converted into a hotel.

The story is much the same in the other four towns of the project. In Minonk, for example, there was no year-round recreation program. We found Coach Paul Jones playing softball on the athletic field behind the high school. We had learned in Bloomington that his recreation program for Minonk was considered one of the best in the State.

"We needed something outside school time," he said. "I talked with Bob Morrison about it. He owns a confectionery store on the main street and was president of the Chamber of Commerce at the Lime. Bob got the Chamber to sponsor a Summer program. Local merchants put up about \$800. We had softball, volleyball, and games for the little kids in the morning, followed by handicrafts and leather work.

"There aren't any swimming pools around here, so we made arrangements with the school board to use the busses. Twice each week we took a gang in to Lake Bloomington. In the evening we had adult softball. We started with three nights a week, but it became so popular we now have a double-header each time.

"The recreation program was such a success that we didn't have any trouble getting through a tax program the second year. That raises \$2,500, and with the \$800 in proceeds from the yearly softball tournament, we are assured of a going program. What did the community-betterment program have

Idea hatchers are these Bloomington newsmen: Rotarians Joe M. Bunting and C. J. Driver, with Editor Tate. to do with this? Well—it stimulated somebody to do something!"

The Minonk playfield is completed flood lighted-\$7,000 was raised to do the job-and members of the community council came into town with their tractors to help level the field. Now new recreational facilities and projects are being constantly added. A community picnic has been started, with a parade in the morning, free ice cream all afternoon, and stunts for everybody. And each year the whole town is invited to participate in an excursion. In 1949 it was to the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, with a tour of the Railroad Fair and Riverview Amusement Park thrown in.

John O. Denson, young editor of the Minonk News-Dispatch, says that what the project did for Minonk was to stimulate people to action. "Take 'Babe' Smith, for



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Families mull over things that Minonk needs most, and write down suggestions.... Then committees set to work to make the ideas a community reality,

example. He's not an organization man, he's a 'loner.' When it was discovered we couldn't have mail-carrier service until all the houses in town were numbered and the streets named, he got it done singlehanded."

Speaking with a slow deliberation, that reminded us of Henry Fonda of the films, Denson summed it up this way: "The project didn't bring us anything new. We knew what was wrong with the town and what had to be done. But nobody was doing much about it. What it did was sort of to light a fire under some of the folks, who then went to work through their own organizations."

This was also the reaction in Lexington and Roanoke. Walter Teesdale, Methodist minister in Lexington, says, "We already had a community project about to get started. What this did was to give added incentive, publicity, and expert guidance. It lifted the community."

And Gene Birtschi, 31-year-old president of a thriving new building-supplies concern in Roanoke, says, "You can work yourself thin and not get anywhere if you don't think first. You've got to have a plan. Then things get accomplished. What this did was to give us a plan—something to work toward."

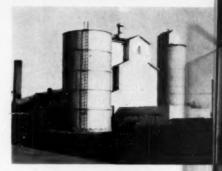
And the effects of the program are spreading. Twenty-five more Illinois towns have requested permission to join the project and are now included in the plans that will make the community-betterment program State-wide. An American soldier stationed in Ger-

many who hails from a town of 750, wrote the *Pantagraph*, "I want to live in a small town, What can I do now to prepare myself to help when I get back?" The University of Colorado, the University of Nebraska, Purdue University, and regional and newspaper associations have called on Editor Tate to discuss plans for the program in their territories.

"There's plenty still to be done," Tate says. "Our five pilot towns have outlined enough work to keep them busy for a quarter of a century. And it's all been done without a single request for State or Federal aid, without asking for a single new State or Federal law, without offering a single prize. The progress is coming out of the talent, energies, and interests of the people themselves."

The circulation of the Panta-graph? Well—that's rather an interesting story in itself. Since the beginning of the community-betterment program it has shown a general, over-all increase of 4.8 percent. In Roanoke, one of the five original towns, circulation jumped 47.8 percent, and in Odell, a new town in the project, 96.9 percent. No matter how you look at it, community betterment is on the way in these towns.

But what about your town? Is there opportunity for improvement? Are there things to be accomplished through the coöperation of your Club, the State university, a city newspaper? It could mean the difference between drifting the way of Cardiff, or marching triumphantly along the road of prosperous Roanoke.



Most citizens want new industries to provide jobs, like these new ones in Roanale



High on residents' list of needs are modern schools (above) and new churches (below).



Some brave advice on a minor menace: the other fellow's vacation and a photographic account thereof. By ROBERT M. YODER

Illustrations by R. W. Stone

W HEN a fellow worker comes back from his vacation, you are perfectly willing to inquire about the kind of time he had, to comment sympathetically on the sunburn he's so proud of, and to agree that a vacation is certainly a major financial disaster.

But that's as far as ordinary acquaintance ought to have to go, and only lifelong friends, salesmen, bond servants, and vice-presidents should be required to look at vacation snapshots. Which, after all, are gray amateur blurs ordinarily involving people you don't know, in six or seven standard poses, at a spot you neither know nor care about. It strains courtesy to have to comment politely and squanders reserves of hypocrisy needed for photographs of people's children.

I was delivering myself of these opinions to a colleague named Harry Swanson about the time another toiler in our relatively grape-free vineyard was making the first-day-back rounds, to have his hand shaken and be told it had certainly been hot while he was frolicking up in the mountains. The returned vacationist was a man named Warren Flomm, who wouldn't tell you the cute things his baby says or give you a detailed report on his latest cold, but does show vacation pictures around.

Flomm came in the far end of the room, saw Swanson at Swanson's desk, and headed our way. "I'm going to duck," I said, "I've seen the snapshots."

"Stick around," said Swanson. "I'll show you how to protect yourself and maybe even cure a man of that habit." Swanson is relatively new in our shop, but already is establishing a reputation. His distinction is simply that he doesn't put up with things. He cured the insurance man who depresses the rest of us with gloomy talk about our many responsibilities and total unpreparedness for a helpless old age. He bothered Swanson only once. Swanson asked the rate on a \$50,000 policy with double indemnity in case of accidental death. "Not on me," he said dreamily, "on my wife."

So I was a little worried about what he'd do with Flomm and the snapshots. "Don't hurt his feelings," I said. "He's a nice guy, otherwise."

"This will be painless," Swanson assured me. "The one thing these people never are prepared for is real, enthusiastic interest."

Flomm came up wearing that proud, smiling little "Well, make a fuss over me" look. You see it in small children who have just tied their own shoes.

Swanson got in the first remarks.

"Well!" he cried cheerfully.
"Decided to come back to work,
did you? Back to the old grind,
back to the old salt mine. Nose to
the old grindstone again. Have a
good time?"

He had forgotten one cliché of returning, and Flomm supplied it. "Yes," he said, "back home and broke."

"Where'd you go?" Swanson asked. But with no pause at all for any answers, he poured out a whole stream of apparently eager questions. "Nice place, was it? Lots of fishing? Or just lots of good old-fashioned loafing, that it? Get cold up there, nights? But plenty hot in the daytime, I'll bet. How was the water—colder than you'd think? Mighty refreshing, though, once you got in. Come out of that water and you could eat a horse."

"That's about—" Flomm intended to add "right," but Swanson never gave him a chance.

"Kids enjoyed it, I'll bet," he went on happily. "Brown as a berry. Hated to come back, I suppose. But by that time I expect you'd had about enough of it. Home looked pretty good, huh? Now all you've got to do is get over your vacation. Couple months' rest and you'll be as good as new."

Swanson had to inhale, and Flomm was able to say, "That's it, all right." There really wasn't much left for him to say, and now Swanson fixed him with a look of bright-eyed expectancy, lowered his voice to a confidential pitch, and said, "Tell me this: did you get any snapshots?"

"Why, yes, I took a few," said Flomm, a little surprised. "Here's one of the—"he began. But Swanson snatched the snapshot from him. "Don't tell me," he said rebukingly. "Why, this is the pier. Isn't it a nice pier, too? Runs right out into the water. What you couldn't do with a pier like that! What did you do with a pier like that?" He sounded like the pier's anxious owner, afraid it had somehow been misused.

"Why, we just tied our boat to it," Flomm said.

"V-e-r-y good!" Swanson said approvingly. "Then if you wanted to go someplace, you could untie it. Were you able to get a picture of the boat?"

Flomm thought he had one.

"Now look at that," Swanson said admiringly. He was staring in thoroughly unfounded delight at a dim snapshot of as ordinary a rowboat as floats in any body of water.

"It's a funny thing," he said slowly, "but I'd swear I've seen that boat before. Let me look closer. Yes, same pointed end, same flat end. That pointed end's the front?"

"Of course."

Swanson shook his head as one dismissing a lovely but impossible coincidence.

"That was in Oklahoma in 1929," he said, "so it couldn't be the same boat. There must be two of them."

"You be the woods. . . . I'll be the lake and run along beside you. . . ."

"Two?" Flomm regarded Swanson strangely, and half reached for the photograph. "There are thousands of them."

"There are?" Swanson's eyes lit up greedily. "You got pictures of them?"

"No," said Flomm. He skipped five or six pictures he had shown to me and came to a view of the lake.

"Here's where we were," he said. "Lake Nillekegonko, they call it. This is looking north."

"Oh, yes," Swanson said shrewdly. "You took this from the south end. Which way is it longer?"

"It's the same distance, naturally," said Flomm. "It's longer than it is wide, if that's what you mean."

"Lot of fish in that lake?" Swanson asked. "Good bottom? What's 'Nillekegonko,' an Indian name? From one of the big tribes? What does it mean—I mean, in English?"

Flomm chose the question about fishing.

"The fishing wasn't bad," he said. "The best day we had looked like it was going to be our worst. We had been out all day without getting a nibble—and, boy, it can





The high-school choir had spent three rehearsals on a difficult Easter centatawith poor results. The boys in the group were at fault. Full of giggles and horse play, they would not calm down. How to get them to? Suddenly the director had Tapping his baton, he said, have just the tenors and basses on this. I'm not sure your voices are settled enough to handle this music. All right, fellows—let's go!" Not settled enough, eh? Think we're still boys, huh? Six re-hearsals later a serious choir sang For He Is Risen with precision and beauty.
-- Mrs. A. L. Burnham, Lincoln.



My little girl, a victim of paralysis, re fused to go out or be seen in public. just can't beer to have people stere at me," she cried. In desparation I finally told her, "Darling, when people stare at you, it's because they have a terrible ill-ness called starifis." It's only people like you who can help them."

"How?" she asked. "Just look them in the eye, smile, and say, 'I'm fine-how are you?' When you see their faces go red, you will know you have helped then overcome 'staritis. She went out without fear after that; it's surprising how many people she did help
-Nore Jackson, Culver City, Calif



In the lobby of a large New York office building are two identical candy booths, selling the same candies and managed by two equally pleasant girls. Yet one always has twice as many customers as the other. I asked the more successful girl what her magic formula was, "It's all in the scooping," she said 'An indifferent scoop usually puts too much candy on the scales. That means you have to take some of it away, and the customer feels cheated. I'm always careful to scoop too little the first time and then add a little more. The customer thinks he is getting a bonus. It's emazing how business has increased."

—Mrs. D. E. Winden, Louisville, Ry

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds

get hot on that lake around noon."

"Oh, it's unroofed," Swanson said with interest. "It's an openair lake.'

"Well, of course," said Flomm.

"Where's the picture of the fish you caught," said Swanson, "the time you had quit, and just tossed your line beside the pier as a gag?"

Flomm gave me a "what goes on with this guy?" look and said, "I do have one like that, as a matter of fact."

"Sure you do," Swanson said warmly. He took a deep breath. "And next let's have the one showing a guy I never met in my life, who had the cottage next to yours. If you haven't got one handy, let's have the blurred picture of the main lodge, where you could stay if you didn't take a cottage. Here. give me the whole batch."

Flomm was looking a little sore. but fascinated, too, and surrendered the pictures. Swanson went through them as expertly as a professional gambler looking for a joker.

"I was wrong," he said. "You did get one of your cottage. Nice place, too."

"Sure I did," said Flomm. He was somewhat mollified, and reached for the picture to give one of those little travelogues, mostly about things not in the picture. that go with vacation snapshots. You know: o. course, it doesn't show in this picture, but it's all woods back there, and the boathouse is that building you can't see anything but the roof of, over there. But Swanson wouldn't return the snapshot and held it down by his knees, so Flomm would have had to lecture squat-

"Of course there's nobody in the cottage now," Swanson observed, as if the picture were somehow in-

"I think there is." said Flomm. "A couple from Illinois were going to have it next."

"I guess not," said Swanson, looking again. "There'd be smoke coming from the chimney. Now the woods-they're right about here, I imagine." He pointed with his left hand to a spot an inch or two above the top of the picture, and Flomm nodded. "The lake," Swanson went on, "that's down here?" This time he was pointing a few inches in front of the picture, and fluttering his fingers to indicate rippling water. Flomm nodded agreement. "Here," Swanson told me, "you be the woods. Now, where did you have to drive to reach the main lodge?"

"About three-quarters of a mile," said Flomm. "Up this way." A little sheepishly, he traced the road in air.

"That roac follows the lake shore?

Flomm said it did.

"Then let's do it again," said Swanson. He began to flutter his fingers in more agitation. "This time I'll be the lake and run along beside you.'

Flomm took the snapshot from Swanson's hand. "I think I've got to get back to my desk," he said. "Lot of things pile up while you're away, you know."

"Oh. that's too bad," said Swanson. "I'll tell you what. You come over to my house some night soon and we'll work the whole thing out on a sand table."

"You've got a sand table?" Flomm asked.

"It isn't really mine," Swanson said modestly. "It's my aunt's. And bring the snapshots, will you? If there's one thing my aunt is nuts about-and the doctors think there are several-it's vacation snapshots. If you could spare these a day or two, she'd be glad to color them for you, with her crayons."

LOMM was moving to the door. "The snapshots are not very interesting. I'm afraid," he said, "except if you happened to be there." Swanson had scored.

"Nonsense," Swanson said warmly. "They certainly opened my eyes. I didn't know such conditions exist. But you got away, and that's all that counts. Try and think of it as just a horrible dream-that's my advice."

"But this was my vacation," Flomm protested. He shook his head once, as if to clear it, and left. He hasn't shown his vacation snapshots to anyone in the office since, although I saw him sneaking a look at one of them himself. It was the picture of the cottage, and I think he wanted to make sure those people from Illinois haven't burned it down.



problems of morality and existence, and recording them as his

Meditations.

great library. I wasn't much impressed when I first saw his book. It was old, blackbound, barely the size of my hand, and its card showed that it had been checked out only a dozen times in 35 years. It could not be "laden with very valuable cargo." Still, I'd have a look anyhow. I thumbed to this page:

TIL a few years ago I could

never have imagined that a 2d

Century Roman would have any

influence on my life. I blundered

upon this man while browsing one

afternoon among the stacks of a

"I must put myself in mind every morning that before night it will be my luck to meet with some busybody, with some ungrateful, abusive fellow, with some knavish, envious, or unsociable person or another. Now their perverseness comes from their ignorance of good and evil. And since I understand the beauty of a good action and the deformity of a bad one; since I am satisfied the person disobliging me is of kin to me-our minds being both extracted from the diety-I am convinced that no man can do me a real injury since no man can force me to misbehave.'

"But who is this?" I inquired-I hadn't yet glanced at the title page. Well, Marcus Aurelius Antonius, Emperor of Rome, wrote those words, wrote them in odd moments at night in his tent while at the head of his legions and in the intervals between battleswhich he hated-with the barbarians. There he sat, resting his frail, tired body, pondering the

Aurelius had met all sorts of men - how could he help it as head of the Roman world? He knew violence and intrigue; his wife was celebrated for her gallantries, and his son, Commodus, later to become one of the most vicious of Rome's rulers, must have been a terrible cross to him. Yet he could say, "Let people's tongues and actions be what they may, my business is to be good. If any man has done me wrong, the harm is his own; it is my duty to forgive him.'

No wonder Will Durant says that the Meditations of Marcus

are a "Fifth Gospel" and imply that their author was a "Christian without Christ."

Or that Matthew Arnold could say of him: "He remains the special friend and comfort of all clearheaded and upward-striving

So what? How can he affect you and me? Well, take, for example, Aurelius' way of facing the day's trials. You are ready to back into a parking space when some fellow grabs it from behind. Discourteous? Yes, but the discourtesy is his, not yours: your increased blood pressure won't help you find a parking place.

Did your wife snap at you because you forgot to do her errand? She'll be sorry enough if you kiss her and return the soft answer.

You are in a hurry and find the laundry has sheared off a shirt button. How much is your selfcontrol worth in terms of buttons?

By ROY L. ABBOTT Rotarian, Cedar Falls, Iowa

But the Old Roman has taught me far more than how merely to fortify myself against the day's petty annoyances For one thing. he has taught me not to worry. Why, he asks, should I try to take my whole life into my head at one time, or to burden myself with the weight of the probable future? The past cannot affect me, and the future is not yet mine.

Nor can anyone read the Meditations without gaining new meanings as to the worth and purpose of a human life. "Take care that your soul has something creditable to preside over," he says. What a fine way of telling me to make something worth while of myself. Mine must not be a purely selfish goodness; I must do something serviceable for mankind. How well this Emperor anticipated our modern service ideal: "That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."

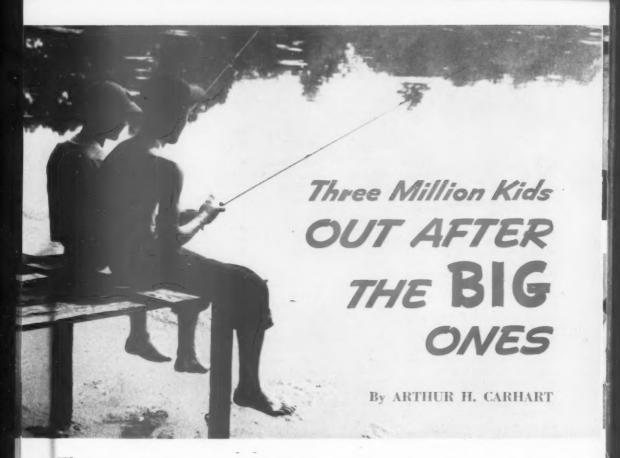
And if we follow these principles, says the Old Roman, we shall be happy, for happiness lies in the possession of goodness; it has few wants and those largely not material.

That delightful old hypocrite, Seneca, once remarked: "I persist in praising not that which I do, but that which I ought to do: I follow it at a mighty distance. crawling."

For my own part, even though the heights to which it leads be unreachable, I find it a pleasure

to crawl even at a "mighty distance" along the path blazed by that Old Roman, Marcus Aurelius.





HREE million kids were on the stampede last August 26. Rotarian Barney Matick was caught in the hilarious riot.

Barney wasn't tangled up with all 3 million youngsters, but he had his hands full. He's head of the city recreation program in Pekin, Illinois, and his department, with the Pekin Rotary Club as sponsor, staged the third annual National Boy and Girl Better Fishing Rodeo in that city.

Two hundred and ten kids, armed with weird and wonderful fishing outfits, strung around the banks of Mineral Springs Lagoon. Each was trying for the prizes being offered. It was a whooping, laughing, hectic jamboree, and if Barney and his adult assistants could have galloped three directions at the same time, they still would not have been everywhere

kids needed supervision, coaching, and direction.

Lines tangled. Jim Lewis, President of the Pekin Rotary Club, helped unsnarl kids and tackle. Others assisted. Two fish got on adjacent hooks. Lines twisted together. The two fish filched the poles and headed across the lake. The kids gave chase in a rowboat, retrieved the tackle, but the fish were gone.

Youngsters fell into shallow edges of the lagoon, wolfed refreshments, raced with every fish caught to have it tallied by the rodeo judges. In the midst of the melee, the youngsters landed 68 fish. Top boy's prize, a complete bait-casting outfit, went to Dick Becker, who landed a two-pounder. Other boys and girls became

proud possessors of rods, reels, lines, and lures. It was fun. Pekin is planning on a repeat performance this year.

On that August Saturday, similar scenes were witnessed in 328 other towns and cities across the United States. Probably there never has been one event in which so many youngsters participated on any one day. Better Fishing's annual kids' rodeo has become one of the outstanding outdoor events of the U.S.A.—and another lively chapter will be added to the story on August 25.

The germ of this idea sprouted one evening in 1945 when Leo Pachner, executive of a major fishing-tackle concern, was addressing a sportsmen's meeting in Chicago. He suggested that when sportsmen meet, they all toss in a nickel to help purchase fishing tackle for

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

kids who couldn't afford such equipment.

Giving kids the chance to go fishing was very close to Leo Pachner's heart. He'd seen kids get into trouble by sheer lack of engaging in such a wholesome sport as angling. He knew fishing doesn't get youngsters in bad jams. With all the eloquence he had, with tear-choked earnestness, he pleaded for the kids.

The idea sparked. Sportsmen and men in the fishing-tackle business teamed up with Leo Pachner. They decided a good leader would be LeRoy H. Dorsey, Chicago businessman, who had been so successful in establishing international salt-water fishing tourneys off Mexico's coasts.

"Anglers just don't become wildeyed radicals," said one man to Dorsey.

"You'll cut down juvenile delinquency with this idea," said another. "Kids don't have a chance to fish today like they did some years ago. Give 'em a chance!"

Dorsey remembered his boyhood on Midwest farms: catching catfish, crappies, and bluegills in ponds and streams. What his friends had said was true: kids today are missing something mighty precious because modern life has blocked them off from the old fishin' hole.

"I'll do it with one stipulation," Dorsey reported. "There'll be absolutely no commercialism."

So Better Fishing, Incorpo-

rated, a nonprofit organization, was formed with Dorsey at the head of it. Leaders in the tackle industry contribute, with no strings attached. Individuals who believe in BFI subscribe. A great university puts in several thousand dollars because of its firm belief in the constructive work being done. A Chicago American Legion post contributes several thousand more.

Some prospecting into just what type of activities should be planned led to the nation-wide kids' fishing day. The first National Boy and Girl Better Fishing Rodeo was staged in 1948 with one million youngsters participating. Its success was explosive. With 3 million entrants in 1950, executives of BFI look forward to an enlarged registry this August.

These fishing rodeos are all local in operation. BFI headquarters in Chicago supplies guidance, suggestions, publicity material, and two grand prizes for the rodeos—complete fishing outfits for the boy and girl champs at each rodeo. The local fishing fiesta is initiated through a proclamation by the mayor of the community, setting aside the last Saturday in August as BFI rodeo day. Local civic organizations that sponsor the event coöperate with city recreation departments.

Last year more than 20 Rotary Clubs from Douglas, Arizona, to New Britain, Connecticut, and Ponca City, Oklahoma, were



On the banks of Wolf's Lake, near Chambersburg, Pa., the town turns out to watch the progress of small-fry fishermen. In the crowd are Chambersburg Rotarians, who helped sponsor event.



among the sponsors, as were other service clubs, veterans organizations, and the like.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, 5,500 boys and girls entered the contest. They consumed 5,000 "hot dogs." 10,000 bottles of pop, and 15,000 ice-cream sticks and bottled orange drinks. It isn't all fishing, but it's all fun.

It was a great day at a lot of places. Judy Pruitt, 13, of Granite City, Illinois, probably revolutionized angling technique when she caught the girl's first prize with a chunk of "hot dog" as bait. Ellsworth Huggins, fishing in Harrisburg. Pennsylvania, went even further: he baited with crab apple-and caught fish. It was there, too, that 11-year-old George Hoffsomer learned about "the one that got away." George had hooked a big fish, probably a winner. The line broke. He spent most of the remainder of the day showing the broken line and holding out his hands to indicate just how big the lost fish was.

At Spring Valley, Illinois, Robert Wytenick also had fisherman's luck. He was so intent on landing the whopper on his hook that he didn't look where he was stepping and gashed his bare foot. The fish got away; Robert was somewhat consoled by getting a "hardest luck" prize.

Getting youngsters out fishing only one day was not enough; it should be a major vacation-time activity. Last year a new idea was added—"Adventures in Fishing." Civic leaders volunteered to take groups of kids on fishing trips throughout the Summer.

Jim Haywood, of Denver, Colorado, organized regular classes of instruction at one of the city's park lakes. Jim was qualified, for he is a former champion caster. When Greeley, Colorado, invited all comers in the age classes to join in their rodeo, and compete in the casting event. Jim entered his well-coached "Eagle Claw" boys. They came near to making a clean sweep in the casting event. This vear the "Adventures in Fishing" program of going out a-fishing every week will be going stronger than last season.

The Better Fishing leaders believe this only natural. Although competitive sports may make more noise, angling—with 16 million paid licenses last year—makes the biggest splash for the number of participants. Why not? It is an activity for a full lifetime, for the wispy youngster who "can't make the team," for girls as well as boys. Dad and his children can take part together on just about equal footing.

And there are richer rewards than just passing the time. Take the whole spread of natural resources and conservation. BFI's educational chairman, Homer E. Anderson, superintendent of schools in Bozeman, Montana, is directing the program to forward



These winning smiles come from the triumphant, freckled faces of two fishing champs in Greeley, Colo. They display their tackle trophies.

angling in a school's sport program. Hobby clubs have been formed, with students making their own lures and other tackle. A youngster going fishing comes to realize—personally—the need for action to prevent damage to watersheds and to stop pollution of our streams.

Many prominent personalities have become interested in the BFI program and are on its National Advisory Council. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker; Major General Bryant E. Moore, superintendent of West Point; the presidents of a dozen universities—more than 300 such leaders have joined in to forward the program and hopes of BFI.

One of the most striking results in this BFI program has been what has happened to juvenile delinquency. Mount Airy, North Carolina, supplies a case history which is typical of many communities.

Officials there were looking for some program which would be a constructive outlet for "juvenile steam." They found a possible answer in the rodeo and "Fishing Adventure" plan. Members of the police force went along on fishingadventure trips, primarily to coach the kids in angling, but, doing that, they became buddies with young trouble-makers they had been chasing down alleys. Busses were supplied to take underprivileged children to fishing spots and they were the most enthusiastic of all participants.

In the Summer of 1950, Judge James Shaw reported there had not been a single case of juvenile delinquency in court from the time this program started.

The expansion of this idea is beginning to be explosive. BFI headquarters, with its limited staff, is swamped with queries from mayors, park superintendents, service clubs, and others, asking for information. The Leaside, Ontario, Canada, Rotary Club is one of these. Far away, in St. Andrews, Scotland, another Rotarian, G. F. Breese, fired a query to international headquarters, asking for details about the program. Rotary's officers passed the query on to BFI.

The central theme of BFI's work has been summed up eloquently in a letter from Mayor Dorothy McCollough Lee, of Portland, Oregon. She wrote:

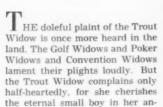
"The youths of our nation are maturing in a period of great emotional stress. The success they achieve in coping with their personal problems, national problems, and world problems will be greatly affected by their ability to relax, as well as their ability to demonstrate patience and perseverance. There is no finer way of teaching boys and girls patience and perseverance than to teach them to be good fishermen."

That indicates the great underlying idea which has persuaded civic leaders to team up in this nation-wide program of Better Fishing, Incorporated. They believe you don't "spoil the child, if you spare the rod," by putting that rod in the hands of some kid who wants to go fishin'.

Troutin' Time Again



Rotarian, Carnegie, Pa.





gling spouse and knows well that the man who loves the quest of finny game has evolved his own philosophy of contentment which makes him ever

tractable and amenable—except during those hectic weeks known as "trout season."

Now that it's troutin' time again a whole army of booted and jack-eted fishermen will invade the high country, where cold mountain streams claw their way through the ancient hemlocks. Oil lamps will glow in remote valleys and the ruffed grouse will strut his drumming log in chill dawn air accented by ham and bacon frying over a thousand woodchunk fires.

To be sure, the present-day angler will catch trout hatched by machinery and raised in ponds. They will be stocked in his favorite stream after having been fattened on chopped liver. But it puts scant strain on his imagination to picture these tasty morsels as the "gold-sprinkled living arrows which once inhabited the white water; able to zig-zag up the cataract; able to loiter in the rapids; whose dainty meat was the glancing butterfly."

Many years ago the master of the craft set down in ageless phrasings that angling was the contemplative man's recreation. Perhaps so—with the still-fisher who jams his pole in the mud and lazily watches his cork bob idly on the mill pond. But the avid trouter as he makes stealthy approach is more alert for the flash of a turning fish than for pastoral musing. With his senses go all his thoughts. He has no time for idle daydreaming.

While he has rod in hand Mother Nature is a fish woman: and nothing more. Though he wear the cloth, his thoughts trend not to religion; though a statesman, not to politics; though a scholar, not to science: though an artist, only to the art of angling. Once a trout takes the lure, his mind is far from all but the matter in hand. Heresy and paganism may prevail, the light of science be quenched, the country go to the dogs, pictures go unpainted till he has saved this fish. While he angles, the complete angler is certainly not a contemplative man.

The fisherman is a kind of vagrant whom nothing fears. He blends himself with the trees and the shadows. The wild birds of the trout country know that he has no designs upon them, and the animals see that his mind is in the



creek. The angler plunges eagerly into the limpid rapids, as though to let his roily thoughts run clear as the sediment goes downstream.

There is only one social hazard in trouting, or in all fishing, for that matter. It is next door to an impossibility to be a chronic fish-



erman and not become a chronic hyperbolist. A truthful fisherman has a right to pass into the list of heroes who forbore environment and gave the lie to centuries of precedent.

Many good men and true cast aside all fine ethical distinctions as soon as they get a fish pole in their hands. When they have donned their boots and have hold on a reel and a fish basket, then farewell, beautiful truth. For all his tall tales, the confirmed angler



gets a tremendous spiritual and mental lift from his days astream. When he falls in the icy torrent, as he always does, the sudden shock releases tensions built up in the fierce competition of his workaday world.

His Trout Widow, wise with woman's intuition, knows all these things. She offers much caustic comment, but is secretly glad to see her angling better half head for the high country and his annual seventh-inning mental stretch while the trout dart beneath their coverts.

There will be a noble churning up of small brooks as minnow fishermen seine for their favorite lures. Soon will begin the great dismemberment of angleworms as the dunker "drowns" his garden hackle. Purists will wade the streams casting artificial flies and nymphs, looking down their noses at the bait fishermen. Old Izaak Walton would be amazed could he come back and see the vast army of his devotees.

MEXICO-R.F.D.



In a swirl of dust, a two-motored TACA passenger plane lands in the village of La Cumplida. The tropic airport is also a grocery store.

BENEATH a thatched roof at the end of a level stretch of grass in northern Veracruz, an Otomi Indian family waited in the dazzling Mexican morning. A goat with a piece of red wool tied around its neck grazed along the edge of the field. Placidly, the woman wrapped tortillas about the beans and meat she ladled from the clay olla on the ground beside her. Now and again one of the small boys climbed down from a bundle of household goods for another taco.

Suddenly the sky sounded. A plane missed the tops of the encircling pines by inches, bumped along the grass runway, and jerked to a stop.

From a little hut on the other side of the field, an official delegation advanced to meet the pilot. After a brisk greeting, sacks of mail were checked and loaded on a burro. The motor turned.

Slowly the woman packed up the remnants of the lunch and slipped one of the enormous bundles over her shoulders. Each of the small dark-eyed youngsters took something to carry. The man corralled the goat and led it up to the plane. After he pushed and shouted directions to a man inside, the goat, too, went through the small doorway.

At length everyone was aboard and in a few minutes the city of Huejutla had dwindled into nothingness and one hour and 40 minutes ahead lay the City of Mexico, site of Rotary's 1952 Convention, with the fortunes and the excitements described in the letters of "the uncle" which the scribe had read to them.

Hundreds of miles to the south on the island of

Hopping mountains and jungles planes are tying a nation together.

By RUTH WATT MULVEY



Pointing out routes of the nation's domestic air service is Mexican Postmaster General Emigdio Martinez Adame.

Cozumel there was similar excitement. The island's 5,000 fishermen and their tall brown-skinned women in dazzling white dresses gathered at the airport. Long before the plane was due they arrived to wait through the blistering hours for the goods that were coming and the information from another world...

All over Mexico there are such scenes.

Today is being united with a million yesterdays by the host of small aviation companies under contract to the Transportes Division of the National Postal Service.

These short lines of Mexico are creating the reality of a Mexican nation. Two decades ago it existed only in the boundary lines which slash the map. From north to south the country was made up of an aggregate of little tribes and villages, each in a state of almost perfect isolation, speaking various tribal dialects and bound together only by a single religion.

That separation still exists.

Less than 100 miles outside of the capital, the great cosmopolis and the "new Paris" of the postwar world, live men and women who have never heard or uttered a word of Spanish, who use the cooking utensils of pre-Conquest days, and who have never wandered farther in thought or in fact than five kilometers outside the walls of the pueblo.

With each new mail flight the gap closes a little. For more than 20 years, officials have known the prime need for better communications. Railroads were nationalized, the Pan American Highway traced a broad path through the length of the republic. But the real solution of the communications problem lay in air service. No other medium is so perfectly equipped to penetrate the territories marked "incognita" on the map. Planes light on

the dunes of the vast Northern deserts. They penetrate the forests of the mountain ranges which divide the East and West. They roar over the network of rivers of Tabasco finding a "raft" of land. They bore through the jungles of the South.

In the United States and in compact European countries, air travel is a luxury. Not so in Mexico. In any terminal you will find barefoot men and women with babies slung in *rebozos* on their backs, tattered youngsters and village elders waiting in line for tickets. They have no other way of getting "there."

T IS no accident that the largest and most professional flying club in the nation is comprised of medical men. The health of Mexico is in large measure dependent upon the aviation skill of its doctors.

Before the Post Office made its contract with the Transportes Aéreos Mexicanos (TAMSA), the island of Cozumel was accessible only twice a month when a small steamer brought in mail and an occasional passenger from the mainland. Its memorable past as the pirates' nest of the Western Hemisphere is still apparent. Stories of buried treasure, Spanish doubloons, and pieces of eight; tales of Sir John Hawkins and the other sea dogs who infested the waters during the 16th Century, are common gossip. The men of the coast cling to their time-worn inherited costumes of lace-edged breeches and in their pierced ears wear the single gold earring which was the mark of the buccaneer.

Before TAMSA there had been no appreciable change in the way of life in Cozumel since the first adventurers bent on New World domination had been routed by the islanders. Now medicines are replacing herbs and witch doctorings. Books and

In jungle regions TACA planes have varied passenger lists. The luggage here holds clothes, lunches—and the pet monkey of the boy (center).



AUGUST, 1951

teachers have come to give the children of the island a knowledge of the world that lies beyond the palmfringed shores of Yucatan. A diet with vegetables and meat has been introduced. Clothing has come, furniture, and—most prized of all—motion pictures.

The Otomi village of Huejutla, mid-point on the four-hour circuit of the Servicios Aéreos Nacionales. lies four days by burro over mountain paths from the nearest point of road communication to any city in Mexico.

On four mornings a week the signal is given from the control tower of Central Airport in Mexico. "Adelante . . ." and the plane rises with the volcanoes above the clouds.

SAN'S route is the heart of the Huasteca country: north northeast of Mexico City and east of Tamazunchale. It is only 403 kilometers. Yet before Manager Juan Tilhgam Gallo established the service, many of the stopping places were at least seven days from the capital. Schools had been established in the highlands of the mining country, but before the air service it had been impossible to find teachers.

Two of these maestros were aboard a SAN plane one morning recently when it took off at 9 o'clock. They were returning to their rural assignment in Chicontepec after a study session at the National University. Every landmark was familiar to them: the hot dusty lake bed of Texcoco, the forest-covered mining mountains at Pachuca and Real del Monte, and the villages scattered through the ripe green of the tropical country to the west. They knew the names of each village, identical with its church spires, small jacals, and central plaza and the dirt road that led out into nowhere.

At Ixhuatlan, the first stop, they descended to stretch and meet the village doctor-lawyer-mayor-motion picture man who had come out to pick up the cargo. They answered his inquiries about the grave situation in Europe and waited while he looked into the package of medicines sent by the Health Ministry. Finally he picked up the cans of 16-millimeter film which would be marvelled at in the evenings when men and women would come from miles around to see the Walt Disney and Grantland Rice shorts shown on the wall of the school.

"We will miss them," they admitted when asked



An older form of Mexican transportation is the burro, here carrying men and goods on a road near Taxco. The arched aqueduct, baroquely decorated, once served silver mines.

about the sophisticated enjoyments of the city behind. "But it is one of the great experiences of a man's lifetime to sit at a desk in a schoolroom a million miles away from all that and explain to the $ni\bar{n}os$ about a whole world of which they are now becoming part."

Then there were the spires of Chicontepec and a farewell "until a little" for the pilot and the two maestros picked up their bags and in their fawn-colored gabardine suits and pointed city shoes trudged off down the path to the city and to work.

The manager of the air line feels much as they do. Typical of the pioneers who are bringing civilization to these little outposts of "yesterday," Tilghman is convinced of the importance of aviation in Mexico's present and future. A war veteran pilot, he has turned down offers from the major air lines in order to keep his little fleet struggling.

"I love my country," he answers all the why's with proper Mexican realism.

L IKE the owners of the 31 other short lines in Mexico, Tilghman makes most of his money on airmail. But airmail has proved surprisingly inexpensive for the postal department. The standard rate for small companies is 50 percent above express rates. The long-distance operations of the big companies net them several times the rate.

The TAMSA service costs the postal department only 251 pesos a mail load. It was 1,500 pesos each time the bimonthly steamer sailed for the island.

Airmail began modestly in Mexico in 1928 when the Compañía Mexicana de Aviación, subsidiary of Pan American, instituted the Mexico-Tampico-Tuxpan route. Four years later airmail had increased from nothing to 154 million pieces a year. By 1947 that sum had risen to 460 million pieces, or 671 tons, as compared with the 27 tons in 1928. Today one-tenth of all the mail in the country is carried by air and 40 percent of that is transported over the short lines.

There are presently 65 air lines in the country. Eight of these are international companies, although there is only "direct" mail service to Europe over the newly inaugurated Mexico-Miami-Madrid Aerovias Guest. Twelve of the "big" companies, like TAMSA, BRANIFF, CMA, carry mail. And there are 32 short lines operating on regularly scheduled mail routes. There may be many others if the lines now experimenting find it worth the while.

Most of the experimental lines are operating in the Southern part of Mexico and the Tehuantepec isthmus. These rural airmail lines are penetrating Chiapas, Quintana Roo, Yucatan, and Campeche and Tabasco, which have always been the most inaccessible parts of Mexico.

In Tabasco, all the post offices, banks, trading centers, and stores are located on banks of the rivers and many people receive their mail only when the boats come through the area on the weekly or bimonthly cruises to pick up the banana harvest. Planes have been the only means of carrying the chicle harvest out of the jungles of the South.

For better or for worse, the world of today is finally coming to the land of mañana.



Boy, how we ate!



Our camp reporter at work.

MEMORIES of CAMP

-As treasured by some Buffalo children.

POR YEARS a flock of children in and around Buffalo. New York, will be hauling out snapshots like these and reviving memories made in the Summer of 1951 . . . of how the sun came up . . . how the fish jumped in Lake Erie . . how everybody ate . . and what a great time they had.

Some of these children wear braces on their legs, some falter with cerebral palsy, and others—physically well—come from underprivileged homes. And the things they'll remember are all part of their happy ten-day stay at camp given them by the Rotary Club of Buffalo and the Buffalo Evening News, jointly, with the help of a Community Chest organization called the Fresh Air Mission, which owns the beautiful camp site at Angola on Lake Erie.

With a staff of college students as friendly counsellors, the camp last year served more than 270 youngsters. The handicapped children learned what it's like to share fun with husk-ler youngsters. And the less-privileged campers enjoyed many pleasures sometimes reserved only for the more favored. All, equally, acquired memories that last longer than albums.



The counsellors treated us swell.



We learned to tie knots.



And we learned new games too!

Lorna and John Look at the U. N.

MAUR VERPOOY

The beginning of a long voyage—and a lasting experience. Lorna Round and John Tompkin, of Smethicick, England, look ahead to month-long studies of the United Nations at work. . . . (Right) They survey U. N. grounds at Lake Success upon arrival.

A British Rotary Club shows its faith in youth.

To MANY young people the United Nations is a vast, complex mechanism that exists only in newspaper headlines. Exceptions, however, are Lorna Round and John Tompkin, of Smethwick, England, shown on these pages. Not long ago, they boarded the liner Mauretania and went to the United States to begin a month-long study of the U. N. at Lake Success. They also visited the U. N.'s new home on Manhattan Island then nearing completion.

In many lands, young people are learning about the United Nations through the efforts of Rotary Clubs. Lorna and John are recent examples. Their U. N. visit was made possible by the Rotary Club of Smethwick, which conducted an essay contest for youths between the ages of 17 and 24, and offered two "Lake Success Travelling Scholarships" as awards. Each scholarship included round-trip travel expenses, plus additional funds for daily living costs.

Much of what Lorna and John did at the U. N. is told here pictorially from attending sessions of the General Assembly to meeting U. N. Representatives from several nations. And, too, they'll long remember the warm hospitality of members of near-by New York Rotary Clubs.

Now back home, these two young Britons are sharing their U. N. experiences with others—and thus it remains for the future to assay fully the total influence of plans like Smethwick's.



THE ROTARIAN



At the U. N., Lorna and John are oriented with help of a staff member. Another Rotary-sponsored girl watches.



A real thrill! The young Britons meet Sir Gladwyn Jebb, their country's Representative to the U. N. Shown with them are new friends from Bradford, Pa.



Chatting with Benjamin Cohen, U. N. Assistant Secretary General, Lorna and John learn firsthand about some U. N. processes.



With 60 member nations, many languages are spoken at U. N. meetings. With earphones, Lorna and John hear a translation.



With Frank Wassung (left) and Thos, Langley, of the Mineola-Garden City, N. Y., Rotary Club, Lorna enjoys Rotary hospitality.



Friends say, "Bon voyage!" to the young couple as they leave Smethwick. Lorna gets a kiss from T. G. Keeler, 1950-51 Club President.



Their memorable trip completed, Lorna and John recount some of their experiences at a reception given them by Smethwick's Mayor.

Speaking of BOOKS

Here's a view of new fiction—with its color drawn from around the earth.

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

TVE READ a shelfful of novels these past few weeks, for our annual August roundup of fiction. I don't know whether I've been running in bad luck, or whether I've been abnormally critical: but only four of these books seem to me to hav: elements of real excellence. Two are the work of British writers, and two are by residents of the United States.

The best of the lot, and a novel of really exceptional quality in substantial aspects, is *The Caine Mutiny*, by Herman Wouk. It is a long and meaty novel of World War II, centering around the astonishing but wholly convincing incident of a partial mutiny on a United States warship—an incompetent commanding officer relieved of his command at the height of a typhoon.

The strength of The Caine Mutiny lies in its characterization. Captain Queeg, the officer who is the object of the mutiny, and his predecessor in command of the Caine, Captain De Vriess: Maryk. the junior officer who takes over the ship, and Keefer, another junior officer who incites him to do it; Greenwald, the lawyer who defends the mutineers: all these become real people in the pages of this novel. They are presented with such insight, with such force and integrity, that they live in the reader's mind and will be long remembered. The same excellence of characterization extends to a host of minor figures of the story-the sailors and petty officers, the naval officials of the court which tries Maryk, other officers-all of whom are realized for the reader as actual and understandable human beings even if they appear on only a few pages. The fact is that one would have to turn to very great fiction indeed to find books as remarkable in this essential aspect as is The Caine Mutiny.

The story of the novel, as story, is exceptionally full of sound drama. It follows the fortunes of the Caine, an ageing destroyer converted for mine sweeping, through her share in the Pacific campaigns—a typhoon which almost swamps her, a kamikaze attack

which almost sinks her. The ship itself and all the feel and noise and smell of life aboard her are rendered with extraordinary richness and vitality, through the shared experience of Willie Keith, the junior officer who is the point of view character. The one exception to this generally admirable quality lies in the love story-Willie's relation to a New York cabaret singer-which winds a somewhat dutiful course throughout the book. I'm sorry that Mr. Wouk felt, apparently, that a love interest was obligatory in his book. As it's written, this element is a liability rather than an asset.

One quality of Mr. Wouk's writing calls for special commendation, in view of currently popular flagrant examples of its absence. That is his exercise of simple good taste and good sense in the handling of sex and other aspects of experience which too many contemporary writers are exploiting to the last degree of sensationalism. I am satisfied that Mr. Wouk's presentation of life on the Caine (and ashore) will impress any discerning reader as wholly honest, candid, and in every true sense realistic. But to achieve this effect Mr. Wouk has not found it necessary to use all the dirty words that sailors know, or to dwell-with the effect of excessive emphasis-on the less savory aspects of their conduct.

My son, who was in naval service in the Pacific in World War II, thinks that *The Caine Mutiny* may be as fine a novel as *Mr. Roberts*, the late Thomas Heggen's masterly presentation of somewhat kindred material. I am not sure that it is quite so fine a book in terms of total effect. But it's a genuinely superior novel, and in the aspect of characterization it surely comes close to being a great one.

If you enjoy stories that have an authentically eerie and mysterious quality about them, a touch of the occult, you can find reading pleasure of quite exceptional quality in some of those contained in *Ringstones*, a collection by

a British writer who uses the pen name "Sarban." Some of these tales have settings in the Middle East, a region which -the publishers tell us-the author knows well from many years of experience. The finest of the lot, however. to my taste, are the title story, which revolves about the strange experiences of a young girl at an ancient country house in Northumberland; and "A Christmas Story," the chief action of which is on the wastes of Siberia. The style of "Sarban" is of a high degree of genuine distinction. It is precise, easy, vivid-wholly suited to the peculiar purposes of his tales. I haven't read anything of this particular literary vein in years which I liked as well as I do some of these stories.

Boy at the Window, by Owen Dodson. is a brief and quiet novel which possesses true literary distinction. It is the story of a Negro child in an American city, of certain crucial experiences in the development of the child. One quality of this book which commends it to me is its relative freedom from special pleading: this is the story of a child



Bruce Lancaster uses the rich background of 17th Century Japan in his historical novel, Venture in the East.

rather than of a Negro. The experience of the child is presented for its own sake, as the experience of any child might be-and with rare insight and sensitiveness. The special factors in this boy's experience which result from the fact that he is a Negro are present in the story, but are not stressed or underlined-and are all the more significant to the thoughtful reader because of this restraint. Mr. Dodson has previously established himself as one of our best younger poets. This novel justifies equal attention and expectation for his further work as a writer of fiction. . . .

Historical novels have formed the staple of my reading for this "fiction number" of our department. Unhappily, I can report active satisfaction in only one of them. This is Ride Home Tomorrow, a novel of the Crusades by Evan John, an Englishman who is a playwright and actor as well as a

The period of the Crusades is so far from us of today not merely in terms of centuries (the action of this story occurs chiefly in the 12th), but in attitudes, values, the whole mental and spiritual climate and horizon, that it is extremely difficult for a novelist to achieve that sense in the reader of participation, of actual sharing in experience, that good fiction demands. I think that Evan John has succeeded. He has succeeded because of the wholeness, the integrity and human validity, that he has attained in his central character, Andres Ingialdsen-later Sir Andrewthrough the whole of his long and adventurous life.

F WE were to meet Andres in the Holy Land, on the field of battle perhaps-even just as he is presented in this novel-he could hardly escape impressing us as artificial and conventional, a lay figure. But wisely Evan John has begun with his boyhood in Norway, has traced his career step by step through the years. It's a career sufficiently stormy and dramatic: there's no lack of interest from the first pages to the last. But in the course of it we come to know the boy so well, in his weakness as well as his strength in the slow process of his maturing, that he becomes a real person-and hence the primary requirement of good fiction can be achieved. To this central positive quality Mr. John's book adds the virtues of colorful and picturesque but never tedious detail, and of an unusually clear grasp of the complex political relationships of the time, especially in the Holy Land. Finally, he seems to me to show true recognition and appreciation of the essential spiritual motivation that was a great part-though not the wholeof what lay behind the Crusades.

I don't suppose all admirers of historical fiction would agree with me in placing Ride Home Tomorrow first in the group of historical novels I've been reading. It does have the evidence of solid historical scholarship about it, to the degree that some readers may find just a trifle burdensome; and the love interest in its pages is distinctly minor. For my money, however, it's that rarity in historical fiction, a novel that gives me a sense of positive extension of my experience into remote times and places, in terms of participation in the life of a believable and likable human person. . . .

The others of this group of historical novels offer a wide variety for the reader's choice. Venture in the East, by Bruce Lancaster, presents the littleknown setting of 17th Century Japan. and narrates the experiences of some of the few Europeans in the then inhospitable islands. I feel that the author has given thorough study to his historical materials, and I enjoyed the book both for its rich backgrounds and for its action.

Rebel Run, by Louis Zara, is a dramatic fictional rendering of a littleknown and exciting incident of the U.S. Civil War-a Northern raid intended to cripple the railway between Atlanta and Chattanooga, which ended in the capture of the raiders and the hanging of their leaders. Mr. Zara has been successful in arousing a keen interest in his central character, Captain Andrews -an actual historical figure-and in giving a strong sense of the complex and tense emotional background of his

Three of these novels are built around better-known historical figures. The Spur, by Ardyth Kenelly, is an occasionally fine but on the whole disappointing novel of the life of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln. Edge of Greatness, by Winthrop and Frances Neilson, is described as "a day of decision in the life of Benjamin Franklin." It seems to me a bit labored, and short of taking Franklin's full measure even at the age of 49. Mortal Hunger, by Harry E. Wedeck, treats with sympathy and with commendable restraint the almost excessively romantic career of Lafcadio Hearn-his shadowed boyhood, his newspaper years in Cincinnati and New Orleans, his aflventures in the West Indies and final haven in Japan. . . .

Two books of fiction for young readers I want to give a word of warm recommendation. Comanche, by David Appel, is an outstanding and truly individual book for boys and girls of 10 or so up. It is the story of a horse which belonged to one of the officers in Custer's ill-fated command: a story full of interest, and told with singular consistency, authority, and power. It holds a wealth of significant history, firmly presented; but centrally it's the real story of a real horse. Young readers will like it.

State Champs, by Leon E. Burgoyne, is a high-school basketball story-an especially good one, clean, fast moving, well written. The author knows basketball, and he knows high-schoolers. This book is a first-rate choice for athletically minded high-school readers,

. . .

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:
The Caine Muliny, Herman Wouk (Double-day, \$3.95).—Ringstones, "Sarham" (Coward-McCann, \$3.).—Boy at the Window, Owen Dodson (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$2.75).—Ride Home Tomorrow, Evan John (Putnam, \$3.50).—Venture in the East, Bruce Lancaster (Little, Brown, \$3.).—Rebel Run, Louis Zara (Crown, \$3.).—The Spar, Ardyth Kenelly (Nessner, \$3.).—Spar, Ardyth Kenelly (Nessner, \$3.).—Word, Nellson (Putnam, \$3.).—Word, The Comanche, Bavid Appel (World, \$2.50).—State Champs, Leon E. Burgoyne (Winston, \$2.50).

By JANE LOCKHART

KEY: Audience Suitability: M—Mature. Y—Younger. C—Children. ★—Of More Than Passing Interest.

- Along the Great Divide (Warner).
 Walter Brennan, Kirk Douglas,
 Virginia Mayo. U. S. marshal,
 escorting rustler to Jail. suffers recurrence of guilt complex before he proves prisoner's innocence. M, Y
- As Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox), Thelma Ritter, David Wayne, Monte Woolley. To halt employers' firing of men over 65, elderly printer poses as president of parent company, makes speech that sets off comic chain of events.
- Fabriola (United Artists). Michelle Morgan, Michael Simon, Henri Vidal. Lavishiy produced story about persecution of early Christ-ians in pagan Rome. Made in Italy, it has English dialogue dub-bed in. Spectacular but not pro-ductive of much sympath one identification on part of audien. M. Y.
- Four in a Jeep (United Artists). Michael Medwin, Ralph Meeker, Viveca Lindfors, Yoseph Yadin, Made in Vienna, film centers around American, British, French, and Russian soldiers patrolling occupied Vienna, meeting problem of helping woman find her husband who has escaped from Soviet prison camp.
- Go for Broke (MGM) Van Johnson, Lane Nakano, Henry Nakano, The Nakano,
- Goodbye, My Fancy (Warner). Eve Arden, Joan Crawford, Frank oodbye, My Fancy (Warner). Eve Arden. Joan Crawford. Frank Lovejoy. Robert Young. Congress-woman returns to alma mater for honorary degree and reunion with former fiance. now president; crisis in academic freedom alters lovely arrangements. M, Y
- of Men and Music (Twentieth Century-Fox). Rubenstein, Hel-fetz, Jan Peerce, Nadine Conner, and New York Philharmonic Or-chestra perform, while incidental scenes demonstrate personalities, techniques, methods of practice, etc. Musical delight. M, Y, C
- On the Riviera (20th Century-Fox). Corinne Calvet, Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney. Kaye's usual clowning, along with excellent patter songs. Sophisticated, perhaps, for family groups. M, Y
- The Thing (RKO) Robert Corn-thwalte, Kenneth Tobey, Strange man from outer space lands on Arctic ice cap, sets instruments mishehaving. Bitter conflict be-tween scientists and defenders. About as convincing as an old Frankenstein film. M, Y
- You're in the Navy Now (Twentieth Century-Fox). Eddie Albert, Gary Cooper, Millard Mitchell. Delightful comedy based on story about landlubbers assigned to test out steam engine for possible use in subchasers. M. Y. C

PEEPS :

at Things to Come BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

- Cold? Colder! The world's supercoldest material is liquid helium—it has to be kept at 445° Fahrenheit below zero, or only 15° above absolute zero, the point at which even molecular movement would stop if we ever reached it. A new "vacuum bottle" for liquid helium—a copper sphere immersed in liquid nitrogen—will keep four gallons of liquid helium for 100 days.
- First Aid. The trouble with most firstaid dressings heretofore available is their rigidity, and when the cut is on a finger, they work loose when they are needed most—when the damaged member is being used. A new dressing has an elastic backing which is waterproof and resistant to oil, grease, and similar things.
- Lazy Man's Shave. A new kit that dispenses just enough lather for one shave when a button is pressed is now on the market. No brush, no soap—just press the button, rub, and shave. The lather is compounded so it won't thin out or dry during the shave and it is claimed that it actually preserves the razor blades.
 - Giant Lifter. A new line of lift trucks for industrial work weighs 42 tons and will lift 40 tons. It has Diesel-electric drive, similar to that in Diesel-electric locomotives. Designed to meet the increasing demands of strip mills, it will double the size of roll that can be handled at one time.
- Beakers. As every chemistry student knows, heakers are the laboratory equivalent of tumblers with straight sides and a pouring lip that are always hotter than you think or else slip out of your hand just before an experiment is completed, and break. A removable interchangeable stainless steel band is now to be available with a handle on it that will cure both of these difficulties.
- Caterpillar in the Home. A hand truck that moves on an endless rubber track on the "caterpillar" principle makes moving heavy bulky things like refrigerators, ranges, and other household equipment into the home an easy task for the deliveryman and for the house-wife, since it eliminates scuffed and bashed-in walls. It runs up and down stairs, steps, and ramps, too. The entire bearing surface and nose plate are rubber covered to protect the appliance.
- House or Garden Glove. A pair of latex-rubber gloves, made in England, with a soft suede finish inside to keep the hands from perspiring, and a rough finish outside to prevent wet and soapy

- articles from slipping, is available in women's sizes, small, medium, or large. The fingers are molded with a natural curve.
- Giant Heating Pads. A rubber matlike heating pad is being made for covering surfaces that normally ice up on jet airplanes. A touch of the heating switch and the pad gets hot, which melts the ice as it forms. Being rubber, the pad can be stretched to fit even the intricate curves of the propellers.
- Crab-Shell Substitute. Scientists have discovered that the natural shell for devilled crab meat may carry death-dealing bacteria, and have come up with a paper shell that duplicates the natural one in every respect except that it doesn't harbor bacteria. The paper germfree substitute will even stand deep-fat frying.
- Sketch Board. A lightweight drawing board, with clamps to hold an 8½-by-11-inch sheet (making thumbtacks unecessary), and recessed metal straight edges to guide triangles when needed or to sink out of the way when r clear surface is wanted, has space to clamp 30,60-, and 45-degree triangles underneath. It provides a compact field unit with a hard plastic surface for draftsmen, typographers, designers, etc.
- Floating Knife. A fisherman's knife that can accidentally fall out of a boat without the least danger of sinking has a cork handle that floats the stainless, rustless steel b'ade and scaler. Just scoop it up from the surface of the water, and go on catching fish!
- Cap and Uncap. A hand-fitting device for uncapping and recapping bottles will



A new angling "angle," this plastic device keeps a hooked minnow alive during casting. When the cast hits water, the bobber action opens the trap door, allows bait to enter the water.

- prove handy during the soft-drink season. It's small, it's simple, and—above all—it's cheap. The rounded head acts as a bottle opener. The base, which is hollow and within which a strong plunger is concealed, serves as a recapper.
- Portable Leetern. A speaker can now take a lectern with him on his engagements, for a folding lectern that is a table-supported, lighted (with an 18-inch fluorescent tube that is included) manuscript or book holder is available. When folded, it has ample space to store notes or a manuscript. Slightly larger than a brief case, it weighs only 17 pounds.
 - Delayed Action. An electric-light switch that gives you nearly a minute to get somewhere else after you have snapped it before it goes off is a boon to stubbed toes, barked shins, and recalcitrant keys. On the porch, the garage, down the hall, up the cellar stairs—there are many places in the home where one more minute of light is one less whack by an unpredictable inanimate object. The light stays on long enough, it is said, for a person to walk a distance of 75 feet.
- Vinylite Storm Windows. Many factories and laboratories are without glass storm windows because they are too expensive to Install. Now comes a storm window of transparent vinylite said to be tearproof, shatterproof, and washable. Each window kit includes a 36-by-72-inch vinylite sheet, framing strips, and nails. While many are used for commercial purposes, the vast majority of the millions sold each year go on homes. The only tools needed are a hammer and scissors.
- Crab Grass. This year, for the first time, we have a proved killer of the lawn maker's greatest enemy, crab gruss. The mercurial compounds have given us a selective poison that kills crab grass and spares the other grasses. But chemists, searching for selective killers, have found that potassium cyanate, a dry, white powder, will dissolve in water and spray on the lawn and will kill the obnoxious crab grass while sparing the more-to-be-desired regular grasses. Best of all, it is not poisonous to household pets—including children.
- Fooling the Cows. About one out of every six dairy cows in the United States is now artificially inseminated—and the total number of dairy cows is up 44 percent since 1949. Wisconsin leads, with about 797,000 dairy cows.
- Unfrozen Faucet. An outside faucet that turns off *inside* the wall, but flows all Winter outside is now available—there's no need to turn the water off inside when Winter comes. It is available in galvanized or copper brass construction.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Come'n Get It-

The 'it' was a large clambake that "New Hampshire Rotarians staged.

The objects expanded fellowship.

Combine the full-leafed outof-doors with the scent of wood
smoke, tablefuls of toothsome viands, and a crowd of good fellows
and anywhere in the world you'll
have a special kind of Rotary feast
—whether you call it a picnic, a
steer roast, a chicken fry, or a
luau.

For New Englanders, the tradition is a clambake . . . and here you see the results of "bakes" held at the same place but on successive nights by the Rotary Clubs of Portsmouth and Dover. Both were staged at a country club, under a pungent cloud of steaming clams, lobsters, and ears of corn. Those who needed to, worked up an appetite with golf and horseshoe pitching. Then they pitched into the food. Like hundreds of other Rotarians, they proved that the outdoors adds a richer, heartier flavor to food, sure-but how much more to fellowship!





Fixin's.

· Fixed ...





Ummm ...

Slurp ...





AUGUST, 1951

Grrr ...

Oomnh ...



O GEOGRAPHERS, the St. John River is something of a curiosity. At its mouth in the Bay of Fundy, where tides are among the world's highest, the river at times actually flows uphill.

But to a casual observer it looks like a lot of other rivers coursing to the sea. Follow it from its source in the State of Maine, and it leads you east into Canada's New Brunswick, past a liftle farming city called Woodstock. You can tell at a glance what the people there do. Trees and farms attest to a lumber industry and one of the world's top potato regions.

Since New Brunswick was founded by the French in 1639, and later colonized by the English, Scottish, and United Empire Loyalists of the a-borning U.S.A., towns like Woodstock have sent out many thousands of sons and daughters to leaven the regional populace and cities far away.

Beauty-contest winners (above) are crowned by Lieutenant Governor Mac-Laren.... (Right) Bunting and bright colors mark the two-mile-long parade, as townsfolk line the streets to watch.

But once each year—and it's time for it again—the little city of Woodstock pulls them together—in a great big celebration called Old Home Week. It brings Aunt Bess back from Alberta, and Cousin Pete up from Texas, and thousands of other friends and neighbors from near and far for six straight days of festivities and spectacles and remember-when's.

And now it's your turn to say, "But so do a lot of other towns." And right you are. My chief and I picked Woodstock as a fine and typical example of other community celebrations—born and raised in the local Rotary Club.

Yessir, as Rotarians before them did in Puntarenas, Costa Rica; in Maryborough, Australia; in Brownfield, Texas; and in a lot of other places, Woodstock Rotarians came up with the idea four years ago. What's going to happen in the second week of August this year will look pretty much like what I saw a while back.

"Take the site, for example. It will be the same. It's an island in the St. John River, running a mile long and half that wide, wooded, but flat enough for a race track, which it has.

When I was there, the Week rolled off to a start with a doll-carriage parade and beauty contest, as little girls, all prettied up by proud mothers, vied for attention. Then down the main street of Woodstock came a two-mile-long parade of floats—one of the longest parades ever held in Eastern Canada. And as citizens cheered and got into a holiday spirit, dignitaries watched from the reviewing stand: the Governor of neighboring Maine, the Premier and the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, the Rotary District Governor, and other leaders. That was only a foretaste of things to come.

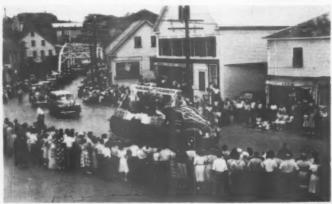
For six days Island Park resounded to cheers and applause—three days of horse racing, then vaudeville, agricultural exhibits, fashion shows, swimming meets, baseball games, weight-lifting and horse-pulling contests, and fireworks.

A great time? Sure. But that's only part of it. If the Home Week is old, there is still something new about it. For the Woodstock Rotary Club has some plans buzzing for a year-round community project. If proceeds from this year's Old Home Week turn out as

in other years, the Club will have raised \$12,000 toward a community skating rink!

-Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN







Tartans swing down the Woodstock street as the kilted drum major leads his bagpipe band. Scots were early settlers of New Brunswick.



Potatoes, agricultural mainstay of the region, ride in one of the commercial floats. A bagpipe and Scottish thistle play up its brand name.



Pretty as dells themselves are these contestants in the doll-carriage parade, . . . (Below) A view of Island Park, site of Old Home Week.



Some of the hoop-lah of the Big Top rolls into Woodstock with this elephant float complete with a clown.



August, 1951



Horse flesh is put to test, as sturdy teams heave away in the horse-pulling contest (above) and on the racing turf (below).



Y THE W_{ℓ}

ITEMS OF HUMAN INTEREST ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS MOTED IN THE ROTARY FIELD

LEGACY. A Danish company estab-lished in 1812 will perpetuate the generosity of Frederik L. Brinch, a Past Rotary District Governor, and the memory of his late wife, MARGRETHE. The bequest includes the Hannibal Sander, Ltd., plant, private residence, and staff quarters in Emdrup, which are valued at \$200,000. Terms stipulate operation as a "model factory," with annual profits of the newly created foundation going to "general benevolent, humane, artistic, scientific, and similar purposes."

CAMERADERIE. Probably someone 'round the office will prove me wrong, but I'll risk my neck to asseverate that here's a bright and new idea for Rotary cameraddicts. Spot in your home town the family of a chap who is laid up in a veterans or military hospital. Sketch a simple scenario with Pop and Mom and kid brother and sister starring. Arrange to have it shown to the bedridden hero. . . . Not an easy project, perhaps, but it should click.

TOWN TIES. It's too bad about Kankakee, Kamloops, and Kirkcudbright. But Kilmarnock, Kingston, and Kingswood can play this opposite-numbers game. It's easy. You "adopt" the town on the other side of the pond that has the name of yours, then fraternize in ways your spirit and ingenuity suggest. . . Latest example of it I've heard about is Hobart, Indiana, USA, and Hobart, Australia. Oddly enough, these world-separated cities were founded by brothers-which is a fact that did not go unnoted when J. ERIC CUTHBERTSON, Past District Governor and a former Deputy Lord Mayor of the down-under Hobart, recently visited its counterpart In Indiana

TSK! TSK! "This may be sufficiently laughable to use-by the way," writes C. E. ("TED") NORRIS. of London (Ont., Canada). He encloses a clip from the Free Press' church-announcement page. For one church, the announced sermon is "Stalin, Truman, and God," and beneath it appears "Holy, Blessed Trinity (Tschaikowsky).

TOPPED! Remember those two musicians who've served and cheered Rotarians in Dearborn (Mich., USA) 21 vears? They've done well-but W. C. Tostevin, publisher of the Daily Pioneer in Mandan (No. Dak., USA), tops 'em. "I've been tickling the ivories every Thursday noon-well almost every one, he writes, "for fellow Rotarians since 1920, and that's 31 years." He occasionally composes too, and has a song, North Dakota Forward. His laconic comment that it was written in the "Dirty Thirties" requires the explanation that in the 1930s North Dakota was within the rim of the dust bowl.

CHILE CON PLANE. Those puzzling stone effigies on Easter Island, off the west coast of South America, had a surprise recently. CAPTAIN ROBERTO PAR-RAGUE SINGER hopped off from Chile at La Serena and flew over them-a feat for which fellow Rotarians in Providence (Chile) have honored him with a gold medal The flight has special significance for it suggests a new air route across Oceania to Australia, a modern variant of the theory advanced in the best-selling book Kon-Tiki that prehistory natives of South America floated to South Sea isles on rafts of balsa wood.

BRIDGE POEM. "Why aren't more poems written about bridges?" That question dropped by the way some



A motor mix-up? Could be, but there isn't, even though Bryan Packard, Gov-ernor of Rotary's District 179, heads up a Ford agency in Wellington, Kans.

months ago has brought a four-stanzaed response from ELOISE S. GRIMM, daughter of a Rotarian in Ardmore (Okla., USA). It closes with:

This brave new bridge with girders held firm by fath in God Will show the world democracy grows not beneath the rod, But in places like America—the land of Freedoms Four, Freedoms Four,

Sorry, ELOISE, there isn't room for all of Bridge of Freedom.

NUPTIAL TIP. "Let your wife know that you know she likes flowers and candy," pundits BERE BECK, who edits the Tucsotarian, of Tucson (Ariz., USA). "Speak of them occasionally."

HOBBY HORSEPLAY. Reminiscent of some of the pranks that marked earliest days of Old No. 1, the Chicago Rotary Club, is the sport of James N.

RUSSELL. The now retired "Wheat King of Kansas City" has been wearing the cogged wheel since 1913 so fellow Rotarians in Santa Monica (Calif., USA) got a special chuckle after they caught on to his latest practical joke. It took a confederate-Walter J. Weldon, of Wichita (Kans., USA), who mailed from Capetown (South Africa) to a number of Jim's cronies postcards of a native chieftain. The message was: "If you're tired of sitting by the same fellow at Rotary there, come on down here to Africa and try one of these. Cheerio, To give verisimilitude to the stunt, Jim made up his attendance at other Clubs for a few weeks, so word actually did get around Santa Monica that he was vacationing on the once-Dark Continent.

DID YOU KNOW that truck drivers have hand signals of their own with which they talk to each other as they pass on the road? CLYDE CHIL-DERS (Orange, Tex., USA) sends in a clipping about it. Seems as though a trucker there making a right turn couldn't see a 6-year-old girl starting across the road. But the driver of a bread truck coming from the opposite direction did, and signalled frantically for him to stop. He did, just in time to avert a tragic accident.

PUCKISH PASTOR. "He rings the bell-with peals, not tolls," is the puntifical way one parishioner pertly pictures his pastor, Rotarian Norman Vin-CENT PEALE, of New York City's Marble Collegiate Church. He proves his point by this quotation from the domine

"We've become so keyed up and nervous that it is almost impossible to put people to sleep with a sermon. I haven't seen anyone sleeping in church for years-and I tell you that's a bad situation."

Well. I won't name the aforementioned parishioner, but do opine that his echoing Norman doesn't necessarily prove he's a regular pewster. We happen to know he heard those very words -or a reasonable facsimile thereof-two vears ago when the REVEREND DR. PEALE addressed the Convention of Rotary International in New York City. Remem-

WEEKLY INVESTMENT. Here's a matter of mathematics that you can work out by the slide rule or the Golden Rule, whichever you prefer. We pass it on to you from FRANK HONICKER, who is Secretary of the Rotary Club of Philadelphia (Pa., USA):

Out of the 10,080 minutes in each week, what are a few more or less between friends? We have about 75 minutes a week for our Rotary fellowship at the meeting-less than one percent. Where can we find a better return for the investment of one percent of our time?

GUBERNATORIAL ROTARIANS. We've been checking up on USA State Governors, and if our records are cor-

QUOTE OF THE MONTH



THE desire to learn and to improve himself is innate in the heart of man. Take away the shackles of misery and despot-

Juarez ism and education follows almost naturally.

—Benito Juarez (1806-72)

Mexican Statesman

rect, 12 are Rotarians. Two more Governors of territories bring the count to 14. Here's the score:

Arizona: J. Howard Pyle (active), Phoenix.

California: EARL WARREN (honorary), Sacramento.

Colorado: Daniel Thornton (active), Gunnison.

Connecticut: John Davis Longe (honorary), Hartford.

Illinois: Adlai E. Stevenson (honorary), Springfield.

Kentucky: LAWRENCE WEATHERBY (honorary), Frankfort.

Nebraska: Val Peterson (active), Neligh.

New Hampshire: SHERMAN ADAMS (honorary), Concord.

New York: Thomas E. Dewey (honorary), Pawling.

North Dakota: C. Norman Brunsdale

(honorary), Bismarck, Utah: J. Bracken Lee (honorary),

Salt Lake City.
West Virginia: OKEY L. PATTESON (honorary), Charleston,

Alaska: Ernest Gruening (honorary),

Hawaii: Ingr., M M. Stainback (honorary), Honolulu.

GRRR! "It is reported from Washington," dead-pans Leland E. Berchaft, who edits the St. Joseph (Mo., USA) Rotary Pony Express, "that there's so much confusion there the spies can't find out a thing." And "Sec. Mike" of the Warren (Ohio, USA) Club bulletin is just as cheerful. "Judging from the noisy outburst in Washington," he asseverates, "our foreign policy is basically sound."

NOT-IN-HEADLINES DEPT. If you've been reading about the feudin' & fussin' between India and Pakistan, take note. Rotary Clubs of District 53 sent an eightman goodwill delegation—led by men from Calcutta and Jubbulpore in India—to visit the Club in Dacca in Pakistan. Special guest of honor was Sir Firoze Khan Noon, Governor of East Pakistan. Speeches stressed the unity of mankind and the need for tolerance. And to judge from all reports a good time was had by all.

PATLY PUT. In his swan song as District Governor, Edd Norwood, of San

Marino (Calif., USA), put a long speech in this one sentence: "Rotary is based on the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in the ordinary individual—you and me." I'm putting it next to a paragraph lifted from a recent letter from another Rotarian:

"Really, Rotary IS a college ed. for so many, many fellows; haven't you found it so? They come in bashful and blundering. They get on Committees. Then they become officers. In a few years their personalities have changed. I've seen it happen with lots of fellows. Heck. It happened to me!"

OLD ROTARY CUSTOM DEPT. NO. 2. Back in 1934 when Karl F. Barfield, of Tucson (Ariz., USA), succeeded Harold W. Aldrich as District Governor, he was presented with a shoe, size 15 triple-E, with the suggestion that when he could fill it he'd be some District Governor! Each year since then, the "Barfield Shoe" has been passed on with appropriate comment to the new Governor-Nominee.

Last month we started it—but don't know how long we can keep up this department. That depends on you. If you know of a little variation from the Rotary norm, one that has lift or a chuckle in it, let us know.

CHATTER STOPPER. Have you ever winced as talk buzzed while guest musicians were trying their best to entertain your Club? I don't recommend it, but simply note a cure devised by the rector of St. Michael's Church in Wembly (England). According to an account relayed by Ebitor J. E. Torbert of the Rotary Razzer of Sebring (Fla., USA), the clergyman simply had his choir suddenly stop singing in the middle of an anthem. There was a moment of stunning silence. Then came a shrill voice

from a front pew: "Yes, I always fry mine in lard."

EVIDENTLY with approval, Editors
Bert Richards and Dick Cannon of the
Rotary Whizz of Winnipeg (Man., Canada) quote this anonymous pearl of
sapience:

"The trouble with young people is that they become old and worry about the trouble with young people."

That frankness is a reminder of the nervous patient reported in the Weekly Bulletin from Jamshedpur (India). He was visiting a psychiatrist who asked: "Are you troubled by improper thoughts?"

"Why, no," answered the man on the couch. "To tell you the truth, I rather enjoy them!"

NO FIREFLIES? When a strike restricted electricity and gas in Griffith (Australia), "Next meeting will be held as usual," announced the Club bulletin. "Emergency lighting will be used and fellows are asked to bring lamps or candles. Glowworms will not be accepted."

TOP THIS! CHARLES A. BARBIER for the 67th consecutive time has sung on Easter Sunday morning with the choir at historic Old Trinity Church in New York City! He started young-"was picked out by a talent scout from Old Trinity when I was 8 years old in a church production of HMS Pinafore in Jersey City," he says. A retired lawbook publisher, he sings with fellow Rotarians in Newark over in New Jersey, and enjoys excellent health, so confidently expects to round out 70 years at Old Trinity. "But my wife and daughter," he says, "are counting on 75-so why shouldn't I?"

-THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Spell A.O.T.A.R

What is Rotary? Well, it's lots of things—but a parable that answers that question rather well is this anecdote which we borrow from Philip Lovejoy, Secretary of Rotary International:

A WOMAN in England threw out on a public pathway all bulbs which she did not want to use in her garden. The bulbs took root and made a beautiful spot right at a point where the public waited for the bus. Then she noticed and was puzzled by the fact that there were never any weeds in this "public" garden.

One day, glancing out of her window, she saw a man who was waiting for the bus stoop and pull several weeds from among the flowering bulbs. She went out to speak to him—to ask him if he usually weeded the little garden. And he said that since the lady who lived near-by had provided such a beautiful public pathway, the folks who waited for the bus had decided that they would weed while they waited.

Do you recall an incident—old or new—about a non-Rotarian that illustrates the Rotary idea in action? If so, send it in. Should it be published here, a \$5 check will be sent to your Club to carry on a project you designate.

In a courtly way, District Governor J. M. Diaz, of Venezuela, greets Lois Wood, of Salisbury, Md.—a Rotary Fellow who will study in Venezuela.



Past President Armando de Arruda Pereira, Mayor of São Paulo, Brazil, gives the key to his city to President Arthur Lagueux in Lake Placid, N. Y.



Active in work among the blind, Malayan District Governor H. M. Eusoff chats with blind District Governor David Guyton and Mrs. Guyton, of Mississippi. . . . (Below) Interpreter L. L. Gonzalez, of Havana, Cuba, who kept translations going in four languages.



Boardwalk Briefs

Gleaned by The Scratchpad Man at Atlantic City (Continued)

CHAMPIONESS. As far as Conventions go. Mrs. Mrinha C. Ribeiro, of Fortaleza, Brazil, feels that she has a unique claim to distinction. She has now attended five consecutive international Conventions with her husband, Past District Governor Carlos ba Costa Ribeiro—and between each one lately she has added four more grandchildren to her family roster. The current Adlantic City total is 19. And next year in Mexico City?—she feels sure she will be there, and a grand-mother 23 times.

Water. That cool, clear, and universal solvent that flows from your kitchen faucet and brims your lakes: it seems pretty innocent stuff-doesn't it?-except for a few random bacteria possibly, Well, you might be surprised to find that it is loaded with legal problems. The man we learn this from is 1951-52 GOVERNOR MAINARD E. CROSBY, of North Platte. Nebr., after our question about his classification, "irrigation law practice." He's counsel to a public power and irrigation district which stores up water in the Winter and then in Summer runs it off through 45 miles of canals to the lush alfalfa, beet, and corn fields of this vast dry-plains area. The problems? Well, they are the matters of getting right-of-way for ditches, of establishing priority to the water when it runs low, and of seepage. That last one is interesting, as MAINARD tells it. You impound a million acre feet of water so 100 farmers can get it when they need it-and meanwhile the water seeps out under the land around the reservoir. The farmer who gets water

he didn't order—well, how would you like it if you started out a grain farmer and wound up in a cranberry bog?

Mace Masters. Among the hardest working of the convened Rotarians were



Gibbs

the 125 men with the red armbands, the Sergeants at Arms. Headed by Bert M. Gibbs. of Princeton, Ill., these fellows daily walked the quarter mile of concrete of the Convention Hall floor. They tended to the thousand and one details of keeping things running smoothly. At

no time did they have to use the traditional mace (see cut), the hefty shillelagh given by the Rotary Club of Belfast, Northern Ireland, at the Convention in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1921.

Big-Family Man. Hugo G. Jordán, whom we meet on the Boardwalk, has a family of 1,500 people. This comes out when we ask about his classification: "agricultural engineering." Hugo, who comes from Los Andes, Chile, is the administrator of a large farm in this fabulously fertile and mineral-rich Chilean vale. It is his job to see that the 1,500 men. women, and children who live on the vast acreage perform their jobs, have good homes, and enjoy the chance to go to school. A Chilean who'd made a fortune in nitrates built the farm and willed it to a foundation. Actually it is a social project as much as an agricul-



A pretty fivesome are the Angelaires, a harp quintette that played for Rotary ladies.



President Arthur beams proudly as First Lady Christine carries the flowers presented to her at the closing session of the Convention.



The flower-laden ladies with 1951-52 President Frank E. Spain are his daughter, Mrs. Chap Hodges, Jr., and his First Lady, Margaret Spain.

tural one, for it includes a boys' training school in which some 300 lads without homes and without means come to the farm for technical training and receive it all free. A Chilean whose family has grown with the long bright land through many generations, ROTARIAN JORDÁN took his professional training at Iowa State College—where he is now going for a visit. Back in Chile later, he will be leaving his farm for long stretches. As the new Governor of District 130, he will be visiting 35 Clubs.

Institute. With 125 men from many lands signing the roll, the 1951 Rotary Institute held in Lake Placid concurrently with the International Assembly set an all-time record for attendance and, in the opinion of many present, for liveliness of discussion. Meeting daily through the week, this forum of past officers considered 33 questions of major Rotary import which ranged from "Can the organization and administrative plan of RI be improved?" to "Are the present qualifications for past service membership satisfactory in every respect?" "We differed but in tolerance; we disagreed with a smile," says PAST INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT TOM WARREN, of Britain, who was Moderator and who views Rotary's body of past officers as "a great reserve of knowledge and opinion which Rotary cannot afford to waste." A high light of the Institute week was an address by Past President Will R. Manier, of Tennessee, on "Thinking through Confusion." While addresses are not customary in the Institute, an item in the agenda permitted the exceeding of usual talking-time limits. "The animated discussion which followed showed clearly," comments MODERATOR WARREN, "that this was a special occasion.'



Back stage at Convention Hall, Miss Lois Marshall, concert singer from Toronto, Ont., Canada, is complimented by a Rotary Conventioner. She was sponsored by Toronto Rotary Club



An official dollar exchange goes on between President Lagueux and Treasurer Richard E. Vernor, who gets an autographed Canadian dollar as his, "salary"—which he bought with \$5,



Snapped together at the Lake Placid Assembly are the general officers of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland for 1930-51. Left to right, they are Past President Arthur Mortimer (senior active), of St. Pancras (London), England —now an RI Director; President Thomas H. Cashmore (senior active), of Wakefield, England; Vice-President Stamp W. Wortley (senior active), of Chelmsford, England; and Treasurer Edward H. Birchall (senior active), of Oxford, England.

Typical of other splendid choirs at the Convention is the Arizona Boys Chorus of Tucson, sponsored by Clubs in the 166th District.



In a dazzling array of American Indian costumes, the Philadelphia Mummers furnish song and spectacle on the evening of the Ball.



Rotary REPOK

Re: Edinburah Music Festival

If you plan to attend the International Festival of Music

and Drama in EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, August 19 to September 8, here is an announcement you'll want to keep in mind. To add to the pleasure of Rotarians and guests visiting the Festival, the EDINBURGH Rotary Club has provided a comfortable meeting place for them to gather for rest and fellowship. The address of this mecca for visiting Rotarians is 18, George Street, Edinburgh.



The physical-therapy room of St. Joseph's Hospital in Hancock, Mich., now has a whirlpool bath tank-and what you see here made the purchase possi-ble. To the Mother Superior of the hospital, a Hancock Rotarian presents his Club's \$614 check for the tank.

Ride the Turnpike? If you travel Pennsylvania's 327-mile Then Read This Turnpike highwayor plan to do so-here are some facts to keep in mind, especially if you want to make up your Rotary attendance: The recently organized Rotary Club of Mip-DLETOWN, PA., meets every Thursday evening on the Turnpike-and is the only Club that does so. Its meeting place, is a colonial-type restaurant located two miles east of the highway's Harrisburg-East Interchange. The stop can be made by eastbound motorists without leaving the Turnpike, and the westbound traveller can reach it within a few minutes after turning off the road at the Harrisburg-East Interchange.

Welcome Students Extending friendly hands to overseas Far from Home students at near-by colleges is not overlooked by Rotary Clubs as an effective International Service activity. Recent examples concern the Rotary Clubs of BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., and COLLEGE PARK, MD. In BEV-ERLY HILLS the Rotary Club hosted 60 overseas students attending the University of California at Los Angeles. Representing 30 different countries, each student had a Rotarian as his host during the luncheon, and was given an opportunity to say a few words later in the program.

The friendly hand of the Rotary Club of College Park was extended to 90 University of Maryland overseas students at a banquet in the school's dining hall. Present at the affair were attachés of the U.S. embassies of the 23 countries represented by the students. The gathering featured an address by the Solicitor General of the United States.

The Colorado Rotary Winners: Estes Clubs of Estes Park Park and Pueblo and PUEBLO are

beaming because they recently won the Bemis trophy for the best Club publication in Districts 168 and 169. Honorable mentions in both Districts were also made. The contest for the naming of a "best" Club bulletin was established in 1943-44 by Past District Governor Edwin A. Bemis, of LITTLETON, COLO.

Campus Proves Gulf Park College for girls recently **Pretty Setting** played an important rôle in the annual ladies' night of the Rotary Club of GULFPORT, Miss. First, it was the gathering place for 65 Ro-



It takes time for these District 257 Rotarians, but it's worth it: making gardenia corsages for presentation to the ladies at a District-wide gather-ing in Rye, N. Y., hosted by the New York Clubs of Larchmont, Port Ches-ter, White Plains, and Mamaroneck.

tarians and their ladies for the annual affair. Second, the president of the college, a member of the Club, served as master of ceremonies. Third, students of the college's music, drama, and speech departments entertained,

VISA Is Good. So It Grows

When The Scratchpad Man told the story of VISA (Visit-

ing International Students Association) in the April issue of this Magazine, he helped to "start something," as the saying goes. As readers now know, VISA is an organization of more than 100 overseas students in southern California who are banded together "to perpetuate the tles of friendship" under the sponsorship of the Rotary Clubs of District 160. Shortly after the VISA story appearedand was read-an idea began to crystallize among some neighboring California Rotary Clubs in District 162. Then things started to happen! At an intercity meeting, the Rotary Clubs of Covina. POMONA, PUENTE, and BALDWIN PARK-all in District 162-decided to launch a second VISA group patterned after the first. Present at the meeting were several District 160 Rotarians, accompanied by a number of VISA students who entertained with songs, dances, and talks about their organization. Before the evening was over, VISA II had received its charter from the president of VISA I and officers of the new group elected.

Charter members of VISA II are four students from The Netherlands, Denmark, France, and British Guiana. The Dutch student, sponsored by the COVINA Club, was chosen president for the first year. Since the group's founding, a fifth student from Iran has been enrolled as a Visarian.

Charles City Polls Taking advantage of Global Viewpoints a holiday occasion for sending greetings, the Rotary Club of CHARLES CITY, Iowa, extended its best wishes to 40 Rotary Clubs around the globe, and in return learned much about the people of

other countries and their thinking. Replies included comments about world peace problems and various Club activities, and in many instances were accompanied by photos of the responding Club's community. In summing up the letters received, a Charles City Rotarian wrote: "The letters indicate that all over the world Rotarians are committed to ideals of friendship and service."

Music Charms 1,400 in Chester

Two nights were made for music in CHESTER, PA., recently

when the local Rotary Club sponsored two evening performances of a music festival that featured 400 performers.



With this handshake VISA I welcomes VISA II (see item). Marcelino Riera risht, of Panama, president of Dis-trict 160's VISA, presents Johannes Noordhoek, of The Netherlands, first president of District 162's VISA, the new student organization's charter. On stage in separate performances were ten choirs from local churches. Each sang numbers of their own choice. A trumpet trio from a college also appeared the first night, which was devoted to religious music. The second evening featured music of a popular variety, including numbers on the marimba, accordian, plano, and guitar. Attended by 1,400 music lovers, the show raised \$2,500 for the Chester Club's welfare work among the youth of its community.

Fun and Funds?
Here Are Ways!
Rotary Clubs. For example, in Kimber
Ley, B. C., Canada, the Rotary Club
staged a musical show that produced a
net profit of some \$900, which was used
to purchase instruments for the local
high-school band. The entire cast of the
show later travelled 70 miles in subzero
weather to give a performance to benefit
a local hospital in Invernment, B. C.

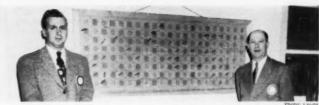
In St. Clairsville, Ohio, the largest crowd ever assembled in the local high school auditorium watched, not long ago, the Rotary Club's first "stunt nite." Skits, singing and dancing numbers, comedy scenes, and other entertainment features all revealed talent aplenty among Rotarians. When the show was over and the proceeds counted, the Club had \$400 for the local recreation council's year-round program.

"Songs, dances, and funny sayings," as the phrase goes, featured the musical show put on by the Rotary Club of Peru, ILL., to help raise funds for the construction of an all-year camp for Boy Scouts in the area. Club members did most of the singing and dancing, with some as sistance from a few guest performers. It was part of an effort being made by Rotary Clubs in the region to build a \$3,600 Scout camp.

Stop 'On a Dime'? To help its com-No! Says Honolulu munity reduce traffic accidents, the Rotary Club of Honolulu, Hawaii, decided that both motorists and pedestrians needed to be shown that vehicles cannot stop "on a dime." A good place to begin, the Club felt, was with school chil-With the cooperation of school officials, it was arranged to show students a traffic-safety film and then prove by demonstration how long it takes to stop an automobile. To do so, a measuring device was obtained that marks by gun fire two points: (1) the moment a driver decides to stop his car, and (2) the moment he actually puts foot to brake. A third factor was the point where the car was completely stopped. Results proved to the observing students (see cut) that the average "foot to brake" distance is 31 feet, and the average "stopping" distance is 58 feet.

If the Call Comes,
They're Ready
Two communities now better equipped to handle certain types of emergencies are Ferguson, Mo., and PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF. Both recently

acquired modern resuscitators for their



Unfilled classifications in the Hermiston, Oreg., Rotary Club are soon spotted on this display board. Filled classifications are indicated with a flag and member's name. Club Member Ivan Orton is at left. 1950-51 Club President Lauren Kimsey at right.



Out-of-town patients at Kessler Institute in West Orange, N. J., examine the memorandum booklets given to them by local Rotary Club. Shown also are Club members.



"That's an arm-and-leg lock," says the coach of the local high-school wrestling squad at a meeting of the Rotary Club of Newton, lowa, honoring the school's wrestlers,



How fast can a car be stopped? Here Honolulu, Hawaii, Rotarians attach a device for determining that fact (see item) in a demonstration conducted for local students.



Pancakes comin' up! Standing over their hot griddle are three of the Danville, Ky., Club's chefs at a "pancake fry" enjoyed by 750 hungry "flap jack" lovers. It took 58 gallons of pancake mix to do the job, but the Rotary Club netted \$500 for its Community Service and crippled-children work.

fire departments—and both are grateful to their local Rotary Clubs for donating these lifesaving machines. The equipment in both cases is the three-purpose type that combines units for resuscitation, inhalation, and aspiration. Each costs approximately \$700. The Fercuson Club raised its funds for the machine by sponsoring a "turkey shoot." in which the high scorer gets the turkey.

Florida Clubs Inter-American rela-Spark a 'Day' tionships were given

a boost not long ago when the Florida Rotary Clubs of Tampa and Ybor Cirry joined forces in a Pan American Day observance at the Florida State Fair. Result of the Clubs' united efforts was a luncheon high-lighted by the presence of Dr. Luis Machado, Cuban Ambassador to the U. S. and a Past Director of Rotary International. Dr. Machado addressed the meeting and the Ybor Cirry Club was presented a bust of the Cuban national hero José Martí.

Mesa Brightens
Day for Invalids
climate, but not so good for rheumatism and arthritis sufferers is Arizona's climate, but not so good for these invalided victims are days unmarked by something "special," something differ

something "special," something different. Providing such special occasions for a group of handlcapped persons in Mesa, Ariz, is the local Rotary Club. It arranges entertainment several times a month for many who are confined in wheel chairs, and also provides transportation for them whenever they must travel to attend dinners and parties.

Letters Reward To the Rotary Club
Of NATICE, MASS.,
came many letters

recently from Alphen, The Netherlands. One said, in part, "Our three daughters are very happy with their gay dresses!" Another said "... it gives us the knowledge that we have good friends in the United States." These comments of thanks—and many more—were for 264 pounds of clothing which the Natics

Club collected and sent to Alphen for distribution to those in need. The Club also received snapshots of several Dutch youngsters wearing their "new" clothes. Distribution of the garments was arranged in Alphen by a Natick Rotarian's sister living there.

The Ladies— Bless 'em! That's the sentiment voiced by Rotarians around the world

about their ladies—and there's many a reason! One, of course, is that the ladies add to the fun and fellowship of many a Rotary gathering. For example, Rotarlans of Kinssyille, Tex., were entertained—and surprised—recently during a holiday program high-lighted by the appearance of the ladies dressed in their husbands' clothes. The resemblance was further heightened when each wife-inhusband's clothing affected some of the mannerisms of her spouse.

In CHICKASHA, OKLA., Rotarians and their ladies created a Hawaiian atmosphere for a special meeting at which the ladies acted as hostesses. Food was served on a luau table—one that is floor height with guests seated on cushions—and decorations included tinted coral, pressed palm, shell lei, and other South Sea touches. Feature of the evening was a hula contest—and Rotarians did the dancing!

Certainly to be included in special Rotary affairs for the ladies is a "Daughters' Day"—such as the one held not long ago by the Huntington Beach, Calif., Club. An annual event—this was the tenth—it was attended by 55 members' daughters and featured appropriate decorations and lively skits. The guests of honor were individually presented and each received a memento of the occasion: a beautiful cellophanewrapped doll.

At the annual ladies' night of the Huntington, N. Y., Rotary Club, the ladies shared the spotlight with 22 members who were honored for their long service in Rotary. Each received a pin bearing the recipient's length of membership, and all so honored had been Rotarians for 21 years or more. Collectively they represented 534 years in Rotary.

Wisconsin Solons Now the Four-Way Test has reached Get 4-Way Test Wisconsin legislators! Not long ago, as reported in this department (see THE ROTARIAN for May), other State lawmakers were presented by Rotary Clubs with plaques bearing the Test's four simple questions for bet ter human relations. Arrangements for Wisconsin's Senators and Assemblymen to receive the plaques were made by the Madison Rotary Club, Clayton P. Stockwell, then District Governor, presented the Test to the State's Lieutenant Governor and Assembly Speaker, who, in

'Special Subscription' Scoreboard

75 Clubs are 100 percent in sending this Magazine to others.

EVERY month this Magazine and/or its Spanish-language edition, Revista Rotaria, goes to schools and libraries, medical and dental offices, barber shops, honorary Rotarians, clergymen, authors, Government leaders, and other non-Rotarians in many lands. Known as "Special Subscriptions," most of them are provided as gifts by Rotary Clubs and individual Rotarians. Those sent overseas are called "International Service Subscriptions" (formerly "Fourth Object Subscriptions"). When a Club averages at least one such subscription for each member, exclusive of regular subscriptions for active Club members, it joins the 100 percent class. Some Clubs have an average of two, three, or more "specials" for each member. For example, the Rotary Club of McKees Rocks, Pa., has 50 members, 265 subscriptions; Rockford, Ill., has 151 members, 412 subscriptions; and Vernon, Calif., 81 members, 313 subscriptions. And in District 270 (New Jersey), 26 out of 28 Clubs are 100 percent. Listed below are 100 percent Clubs as of June 30.

Ambridge, Pa.
Bayonne, N. J.
Belle Glade, Fia.
Beile Glade, Fia.
Beile Glade, Fia.
Beile Glade, N. J.
Beynnion Beach, Fla.
Coron, Fia.
Cast Pittsburgh, Pa.
East Patterson, N. J.
East Patterson, N. J.
East Patterson, N. J.
Forest Hills, Pa.
Fornest Hills, Pa.
Fornest Hills, Pa.
Fornest Hills, Pa.
Glarsport, Pa.
Glarsport, Pa.
Hackensack, N. J.
Hackensack, N. J.
Hackensack, Califf.
Hawthorne, N. J.
Hill City, Kans.
Hobken, N. J.
Hollywood, Fia.

Homestead, Fla.
Inglewood, Calif.
Ingram, Pa. J.
Jersey City, K. Ans.
Kansas City, Kans.
Magnin, N. J.
Madison, N. J.
Maywood, N. J.
Maywood, N. J.
Maywood, N. J.
Maymin Beach, Fla.
Milami Beach, Fla.
Mi

Palmer, Mass.
Paramus, N. J.
Park Ridge, N. J.
Passaic, N. J.
Passaic, N. J.
Passaic, N. J.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ridgewood, N. J.
River Edge, N. J.
River Edge, N. J.
Rockford, H. J.
Santa Barbara, Calif.
Santa Barbara, Calif.
South Hills, Pa.
South Hills, Pa.
Tarentum-Brackenridge, Pa.
Tarentum-Brackenridge, Pa.
Treaneck, N. J.
Turtle Creek, Pa.
Turtle Creek, Pa.
Vernon, Calif.
Vatertown, Mass.
West Jefferson-Jefferson, N. C.
West Orange, N. J.
Winpany, N. J.

turn, presented the plaques to 100 Assemblymen and 33 Senators.

District 3 Rally Sets High Note

To further Rotary's International Service program within its

area, District 3 held its first International Service Rally in BERWICK-UPON-Tweed, England, five years ago, and since that time a similar Rally has been held annually. The most recent one, in SALTBURN, ENGLAND, brought together 137 Rotarians and guests for three days of informal discussion, informative addresses, and fellowship. The program underscored the importance of students studying outside of their own countries, and two Rotary Foundation Fellows spoke about their overseas experiences.

When a century-old Look at Hospital hospital acquires a with 'New Look' "new look" through

the application of fresh paint and many interior changes, it's time, thought Rotarians of SELKIRK, MAN., CANADA, to give the "new look" a good look. And thus they did, not long ago, when they held their regular weekly meeting at the local Dynevor Indian Hospital, an institution whose age exceeds 100 years. The visit included a conducted tour of the building.

Two Jubilee **Anniversaries** Celebrating this month a quarter century of Rotary serv-

ice are two Clubs in Peru and Ireland. The Peruvian Club is that of AREQUIPA, and the Club in the land where the Shannon flows is that of CORK. Congratulations to them!

Add 37 Clubs

Rotary has entered 37 more communito the Roster ties, two of which formerly had a Rotary Club, Welcome to them all! They are: Fes, Morocco; Petone (Hutt), New Zealand; Kumbakonam (Tanjore), India; Parur (Cochin), India; Steinkjer (Trondheim), Norway); Ujiyamada (Tokyo and Tsu), Japan; Alton, England; Vilhelmina (Lycksele), Sweden; Lillehammer (Oslo), Norway; Chiba (Tokyo), Japan; Brumunddal (Oslo), Norway; Fribourg (La Chaux-de-Fonds), Switzerland; Karaikudi (Madura), India; Kattayam (Trivandrum), India; Handa (Nagoya), India; Toyama (Tokyo and Osaka), Japan; Deolali (Nasik), India; Bad Mergentheim, Germany; Velson, The Netherlands; Sandnessjøen, Norway; Guaymallén (Luján), Argentina; Hernando (Rio Cuarto), Argentina; Girardot (Bogotá), Colombia (readmitted); Cartago (Pereira), Colombia (readmitted); San Jacinto (Pando), Uruguay; Cortazar (Celaya), Mexico; Daireaux (Bolivar), Argentina: La Consulta (Tunuván), Argentina; Saugus (Beverly), Mass.; Coconut Grove (Coral Gables), Fla.; Midland (Orillia), Ont., Canada; Lincoln (Plymouth) N. H.; Williamston (Windsor), N. C.; Marcus Hook (Chester), Pa.; South Knoxville (Knoxville), Tenn.; Middletown (Elizabethtown), Pa.: Shelton (Olympia), Wash.

BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS THEIR HONDES AND RECORDS.

Giddyap! If programs seem to take on a faster pace in the Rotary Club of Randwick, Australia, members won't be surprised. The Rotary Classification of their program director, WILLIAM KELSO, is "horse trainer."

Rotarian Authors. HOMER W. CAR-PENTER, of Louisville, Ky., urges a return to moral principles in his book The Future Is Now (Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., \$2.50). . . . An illustrated book about the statues of Abraham Lincoln, entitled He Belongs to the Ages (Edwards Brothers, Inc., Ann Arbor, Mich.), has been written by Dr. Donald C. Durman, of Saginaw, Mich.

'Signing 30.' A double "30" goes to EDWIN A. BEMIS, of Littleton, Colo., a Past District Governor of Rotary International. After 30 years as managing director of the Colorado Press Association, he has resigned-or, in newspaper parlance, "signed 30."



Lei-draped Rotarian and Mrs. C. A. Newton, of Chicago, Ill., celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary visiting the Club in Honolulu. He is a "pioneer veteran" in Club No. 1.

He'll not be idle, however; he'll continue to publish the Littleton Inde-

Hop, No Skip. He undoubtedly planned his trip with an Official Directory in hand, for CONRAD R. ADAMS, Rotarian of South Bend, Ind., a few months back journeyed halfway around the world-to Australia, New Zealand, and home again-making up Rotary attendance every week on his two-month jaunt.

Medal Men. If you happen to be looking for holders of the Gibbs Medal, one of the world's most prized scientific awards, you'll find two of them working together under one roof-and a new one, at that-at the University of Illinois in the recently dedicated East Chemistry Building. They are Roger ADAMS and CARL S. MARVEL, both Urbana, Ill., Rotarians.

Like Father . . . This is a big Rotary year in the Johnston family: In Dawson, Ga., George Johnston is 1951-52 President of the local Rotary Club. and over in Dublin, in the same State, his son DONALD heads the Rotary Club.

Rotarians Honored. CHARLES C. HERTwig, of Macon, Ga., has been elected president of the American Cotton



District Governor William E. Hardy. of Frederick, Md., points out his 31st birthday coming up August 13. His friends wonder whether he may not be Rotary's youngest Governor.

Manufacturers Institute. . . . CHARLES G. SPICOLA, President of the Rotary Club of Ybor City, Fla., was named the year's "Outstanding Citizen" by his city's Optimist Club. . . . An honorary doctor of science degree has been conferred on ARCHIE T. KEENE, of Fort Wayne, Ind., president of In-diana Technical College, by the Lawrence Institute of Technology, of Detroit, Mich. . . . HASSAN RAZA SHAH, of Lahore, Pakistan, has received an honorary degree from the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Scotland. . . . VICTOR A. SHOLIS, of Louisville, Ky., is the recipient of the 1951 Medal of the American Cancer Society as "the layman contributing most to the cancer-control program in America." . . . Presented with a

scroll by his Club in Lynn, Mass., Charles W. HARWOOD was hailed as "Exemplar of Rotary." He is a co-founder of Camp Rotary, a Lynn-sponsored activity, for years has sparked Boys Work projects.



Harwood

... For his work as president of the Argentine-Bolivia Chamber of Commerce, RAUL MISE-RENDINO, 1950-51 President of the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires, Argentina, has been decorated by the Bolivian Government with the Order of the Condor of the Andes.

Should the U.S.A. Ratify the Genocide Treaty?

Yes-For Moral Leadership-Says John D. Hickerson

[Continued from page 14]

some Latin-American ones, argued that it could not be defined precisely enough for use in the Convention. For the same reason, no reference was made to "economic groups." These omissions may be considered as a flaw by some people, but they certainly do not warrant the rejection of the Convention and the consequent denial of protection to four very important groups—national, ethnical, racial, and religious.

The Convention defines genocide narrowly: any one of five acts "committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial, or religious group as such." Thus neither a murder nor a lynching constitutes an act of genocide; they are crimes against an individual, not a whole group. Ordinary acts of war are not genocide; they are acts designed to defeat a national group but not to destroy it as such. The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima was merely another instrument of war and not an instrument of genocide.

Genocide, as defined in the Convention, does not embrace economic or social discrimination against a group, or mistreatment of a group, or suppression of a group's civil or political rights. Genocide embraces acts committed with the intent to destroy a group-by outright killing or by other acts which, in the course of time, will eliminate the entire group. Some critics have questioned one of these acts-"causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group." They might ask whether producers of comic books, grade-B movles, and certain radio and television programs are guilty of genocide by causing "mental harm" to our children. No. this unusual phrase "mental harm" refers to the kind of act the Japanese war lords committed when they deliberately stimulated the distribution of opium in order to injure and weaken the Chinese people.

The five acts which are punishable under the Genocide Convention are carefully defined: a person must have actually committed genocide or have attempted to commit it; or he must have been directly involved in such acts, as in a conspiracy.

Only one of these acts has given rise to any question—"direct and public incitement to commit genocide." This prohibition, it is alleged, might violate the freedom of speech guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States. The clause does not mean, of course, that a person who reviles all Methodists or ridicules all Irishmen is guilty of gen-

ocide, however deplorable his conduct may be. If, however, he directly incited a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, and millions of others over the radio and television, to massacre all Methodists or Irishmen in the U.S.A., he would most certainly be guilty of genocide.

Some lawyers, including a committee of the American Bar Association, have opposed ratification of the Covenant on the ground that I'r runs contrary to the United States Constitution. Other lawyers, including a section of the Association, and several local bar associations, have supported the Convention. As I am not a lawyer, I am willing to accept the view of the Solicitor General of the United States and the Legal Advisor of the Department of State that the Convention is constitutional.

That the Convention accords with our Constitution is the view not only of the Executive Branch, but also of a sub-Committee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Four of the five members of that sub-Committee, which recommended ratification of the Convention, were lawyers. In order to leave no doubt on this point, the sub-Committee proposed the adoption of four understandings (not reservations) to make clear the Senate's interpretation of the constitutionality of this treaty.

The heart of the matter is whether it is proper for the Federal Government to undertake, by means of a treaty, the obligation to prevent and punish genocide. Article I of the Constitution leaves no doubt on this point: it expressly authorizes the Congress "to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations. . ." The General Assembly of the United Nations—which one of our great statesmen, the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg, called the "Town Meeting of the World"—has

twice declared, in 1946 and 1948, that genocide is a crime against the law of nations. It has twice done so without a single dissenting vote.

Genocide has thus been recognized as a proper subject for international action, like piracy, slavery and slave trade, the international traffic in narcotic drugs, and counterfeiting. The fact that the representatives of 43 nations signed the Convention and that 23, including several outside the United Nations, have already deposited their ratifications or accessions means that the world community has reaffirmed the view of the General Assembly that genocide is a crime under international law.* Under the Constitution of the United States, this means that genocide is a proper subject for action by the Congress.

SOME LAWYERS seem to fear that the Convention somehow infringes on "States' rights" under our Constitution. As a Texan, I know what the phrase "States' rights" means-legally and emotionally. Nevertheless, I do not see why "States' rights" is an issue here. Genocide means the mass destruction of a group of human beings, which should be punishable under international law; it does not mean individual acts of homicide which, in this country, are punishable under State law. Genocide has never occurred in the United States and, pray God, it will never occur here. But in the purely hypothetical event that some conspirators undertook to massacre all the Episcopalians or all the Jews in this country, would not such a crime be of national concern?

Another point of controversy is the fear of some that ratification of this Convention would mean that the Federal Government is trying to legislate through the treaty power. Treaties, under our Constitution, become the "supreme law of the land." Is it right, some critics ask, for the Federal Government,

⁶ Five other nations have transmitted ratifications or accessions with reservations, and the question as to the legal effect of these reservations has been referred by the General Assembly of the United Nations to the International Court of Justice for an advisory onlinion.



"Look, Jim-this is the cake I baked as we came up the hill!"

acting through the President and twothirds of the members of the Senate present and voting, to place a new crime on the statute book?

The Convention itself is quite clear that this is not the case: Article V states expressly that this treaty is not self-executing and that it must be given effect by *subsequent* legislation. Once the U S. Government had ratified the treaty, it would be necessary for the Congress to enact legislation declaring that genocide is a crime under Federal law and providing penalties for its punishment.

Some concern has been expressed over Article VI of the Convention, which provides that persons charged with genocide "shall be tried by a competent tribunal of the State in the territory of which the act was committed, or by such international penal tribunal as may have jurisdiction with respect to those contracting parties which shall have accepted its jurisdiction."

This means, they allege, that an American citizen could be deprived, against

his will, of a trial before an American court and brought before some international court; or it might even mean that a decision of our Supreme Court in such a case might be reversed by some international court. This is not true, for the Article makes clear that a party to the Covenant would have to accept the jurisdiction of some international penal tribunal before one of its nationals could be tried before such a tribunal. If any such proposal is made after our Government ratified the Convention, it would have to be considered on its merits by the Congress; and no such tribunal could be given jurisdiction over an American citizen without the consent of the Congress.

Our nation has come into a position of great influence in world affairs. Everything we do or fail to do affects the destinies of all mankind. Ratification of the Genocide Convention would show the whole world that we are determined to play our part in preventing and punishing an odious crime.

Odd Shots

Can you match these photos for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



A sign which seemed a "bit conclusive" to Wm, T. Schlicter, a Clay Center, Kans., Rotarian, who noted it on a motor trip in Montreal. Que.



A dark moment in the life of his child is recorded by Rotarian Ed. Waltrip, of Piedmont, Mo., though it was a bright one for a wee pup.



On a warm day the cleric could remove his wig, place it on a rack by the pulpit. J. D. Robinson, Darlington, England, Rotarian, made this "shot" in a Suffolk, England, church.

Should the U.S.A. Ratify the Genocide Treaty?

No-It Is a Legal Bramble-Says Frank E. Holman

[Continued from page 15]

a provision binding the parties "to enact in accordance with their respective constitutions, necessary legislation to give effect to the treaty," and they argue that this leaves each signatory country free to put the treaty provisions in effect or not, as each country may determine. Such a clause does not and cannot operate that way in the United States. The position taken by certain lawyers in the State Department with respect to this matter is legally fallacious because no such treaty provision can unwrite the self-executing effect of Article VI of our Constitution, under which no legislation is necessary to put a treaty into effect.

Hence, if an international agreement like the Genocide Convention is ratified as a treaty, it will supersede every city ordinance, every county ordinance, every State law and every State constitution, as well as every Federal statute on the same subject. This has been specifically decided in such a recent case as the California alien land case (Fujii v. State of California, 217 Pac. 2d 481). See also Perez v. Lippold, 198 Pac. 2d 17, in which case the Supreme Court of California overruled the long-established law in that State against mixed marriages. Of course, no decent person can quarrel with the announced objective of the Genocide Convention-to wit, the outlawing of mass murder of groups of

people-but the present document is so drawn that it does not apply to liquidating political groups as "enemies of the State." Hence, it does not apply to genocide as practiced by Stalin in Russia or in the Russian satellite countries. In drafting Article II of the Convention and in order to appease the Russians, genocide was limited to "national, ethnical, racial, or religious groups." The political group was omitted. Under the Russian technique of attacking political groups as "enemies of the State," genocide occurs and will continue to occur on the theory that such liquidation is not for the purpose of destroying "national, ethnical, racial, or religious

Hence, dictators can sign the Genocide Convention with complete immunity. All they need to do is to classify a particular group as "enemies of the State." George A. Finch, of Washington, a member of the Committee on Peace and Law through United Nations of the American Bar Association and editor-inchief of the American Journal of International Law, testified before the Senate Foreign Relations sub-Committee in January, 1950:

The Genocide Convention is an outstanding example of an international agreement upon which the public has been and is being misinformed. As genocide is defined in the Convention, it does not apply to the mass killings and destruction of peoples by totalitarian Governments, but appeases such Governments by making it possible for them to continue, as they are doing today behind the Iron Curtain, the monstrous treatment of thousands of human beings whom those Governments regard as enemies of the Communist States...

There is not a word in the Convention which denounces as genocide the mass killing and destruction of peoples by Governments.

Article I of the Convention commits all signatory nations "to prevent and to punish" genocide "committed in time of peace or in time of war." Therefore, if the United States ratifies the Convention, it will be committed to go to war to prevent genocide in some distant country, as, for example, India, Iran, Russia, Argentina, or elsewhere. The definite obligation is to prevent and punish genocide wherever it appears in the world-whether in civil, racial, and religious wars, or in national and ideological struggles. This would require a procedure of interference in the internal affairs of other nations, and in the case of countries able to defend themselves, such as Russia, would mean war.

The Convention invades the field of domestic law and changes and nullifies domestic law. In his letter of transmittal to President Truman, James E. Webb, Acting Secretary of State, quoted the U. S. representative on the United Nations Legal Committee as agreeing that:

If an individual is murdered by another individual, or by a group, whether composed of private citizens or Government officials, as part of a plan or with the intent to destroy one of the groups enumerated in Article II, the international legal crime of genocide is committed as well as the municipal-law crime of homicide.

What does "intent to destroy" mean? Was it absent from the race riots in Detroit and Harlem? In lynchings in Georgia? Was it absent in the civil war in China? In border conflicts between India and Pakistan? Are we to be committed to stop genocide wherever it occur's in the world and have a series of experiences like that in Korea?

Again, George A. Finch testified before the Senate Foreign Relations sub-Committee in January on "intent to destroy" and "mental harm" as follows:

Can it be successfully denied that segregation laws are susceptible of being denounced as causing mental harm to all members of the group against which such laws discriminate? Minority groups in this country are vigorously seeking to have such discrimination abolished by Federal legislation. Can there be any reasonable doubt that if Congress fails to enact the civil rights laws now being urged upon it and if this

Convention is ratified as submitted, members of the affected groups will be in a position to seek legal relief on the ground that this so-called Genocide Convention has superseded all State legislation?

When is "mental harm" serious; when is it harmful, and when is it only mental? No American judge or jury will be the last arbiter of that question. It will be answered finally by the International Court of Justice if the U. S. Senate ratifies this Convention as a treaty. Thus, the International Court of Justice is in a position to determine when an American citizen should be punished—a prerogative up till now reserved exclusively to our own laws and our own courts.

The Genocide Convention, if ratified, constitutes a threat to freedom of speech in the United States for Article III sets forth "that incitement to genocide" and "complicity in genocide" is punishable as genocide. As to this the American Bar Association Committee on Peace and Law through United Nations made the following observation:

This was adopted in spite of repeated objections of the United States representative that it was a plain infringement of freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Who shall judge if political speeches are incitement to genocide? [An international court.]

Who shall judge as to freedom of the press? As a prevention of genocide, shall censors be provided by the State? Representatives of many countries insisted that as between genocide and freedom of speech and freedom of the press, the latter must give way. The position of our representatives seemed to be incomprehensible to many of them. The repre-

* * * * * * * * * * Golf Weather

It is not raining rain today— Those droplets that you see Are fairy figments of the mind; It's dry as dry can be.

It is not lightning light today— That rumbling that you hear Is just assurance positive That soon it will be clear.

It is not snowing snow today— Those softly falling flakes Will serve to keep us safe and warm Within our snug windbreaks.

It is not sleeting sleet today— Those icicles so clear Are but the promise of the sun Which shortly will appear.

For when it rains and blows and sleets
All golfers know it's clearing—
We wives who try to spoil their meets
Might just as well stop fearing.
—ANNA PETITI BROOMELL

sentative of the United States boldly said that genoride should stop where freedom of speech begins. He warned the other nations more than once that inclusion of incitement to genoride would present an obstacle to ratification of the Convention by his country. [Nevertheless, this provision was retained to appease the views of other countries.]

If the effort to promote human rights in the world is to mean anything, it would seem to be essential that freedom of speech and freedom of the press be preserved and that no treaty, no matter what its purpose, which seeks to deny those rights should be considered by the Senate of the United States.

Under Article VI a specific provision is made for the trial of American citizens in courts in other countries, and under Article VII for extradition to a foreign jurisdiction. If the United States ratifies this treaty, it will mean that we have agreed to set up the machinery for extraditing Americans charged with genocide and for shipping them overseas to be tried for acts committed in their own home towns, and this, it has been pointed out, may be for as little as having been charged with inflicting "mental harm" on a "national, ethnical. racial, or religious group." It may even mean that the telling of a story reflecting on the characteristics of a particular racial group may be treated as inflicting "mental harm" or as "incitement to genocide."

The Genocide Convention may be briefly characterized as follows:

First, it fails as to its primary purpose of preventing genocide committed by Government and hence is a document of appeasement as far as Russia and other dictator nations are concerned.

Second, it commits the United States to go to war, if necessary, to prevent genocide in any distant part of the world where the members of any "national, ethnical, racial, or religious group" are being killed.

Third, it invades, changes, and nullifies American law as heretofore exclusively determined by our own Congress, our own State legislatures, and our own courts.

Fourth, it threatens the American concept of freedom of speech and of press as guaranteed by our Bill of Rights.

Fifth, it denies Americans the right to be tried in their own courts and the right to invoke such safeguards as trial by jury and presumption of innocence until proved guilty.

Because of the foregoing considerations, the Genocide Convention is an outstanding example of emotional internationalism and loose and hurried draftsmanship. As pointed out by the American Bar Association, it should certainly not be ratified by the United States Senate.

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

entertaining is a fine idea; let's do it more often. These boys and girls are not criminals. Usually they are in public homes because they are orphans or because their own homes have been broken up through reasons beyond their control. Sometime in the future these hundreds of thousands of children will become citizens. Whether they will be good citizens may depend to a great extent on what happens in the meantime.

It's grand to make these children happy at Christmas time, but often throughout the rest of the year they know no "fun" or companionship beyond that provided in the home itself—and sometimes that is very little. If Rotary Clubs could "sponsor" these kids—take them to a picnic, a movie, or a ball game occasionally throughout the year—I believe the good results would prove the move an excellent investment in future democracy.

On the Bean

Related by E. W. MORTON Portland, Maine

It was good to find an old friend, Dan Schnabel, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Rotarian, mentioned in The Rorana's new department By the Way [June issue]. It recalled a story about him, which others too may enjoy.

In the good old horse-and-buggy days, Dan was a carriage painter, and one day a farmer brought his wagon to Dan to be painted "just the same color as this bean" (which he produced from his pocket and left with Dan). When the wagon was finished, it didn't exactly match the bean, so, the story goes, Dan painted the bean with some of the paint used on the wagon. When the farmer came for his wagon, Dan held up the bean for comparison, and the farmer allowed it was "just right."

Must Reading for Drivers

Thinks Benjamin L. Herr, Rotarian Funeral Director

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The article Traffic Laws Bite Twice, by Willis Lindquist [The Rotarian for June], should be must reading for every person who drives a car. Efficient driving often leads to careless law observance.

In our profession we have many times observed the heartaches which come too late to prevent an accident.

Rearrange Key Switch

Suggests Roy W. WHIPPLE Honorary Rotarian Johnson City, New York

In Traffic Laws Bite Twice [The Ro-TARIAN for June] Willis Lindquist tells of a truck which was stolen when the driver left the key in the ignition. Later the truck was involved in a serious accident, and the truck driver was required to pay \$12,000 damages for failure to comply with a city ordinance which re-



Do You Know These Other Ways

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MONEY IN A HURRY To get it or send it—
always remember that money in need is only minutes
away by Western Union Telegraphic Money Orders.
Swift—Safe—Economical. Personal messages included.
Through Western Union offices everywhere.

"BON VOYAGE" To sailing friends, say "Bon Voyage" by telegram! Special blank for the happy occasion.

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CALL...WESTERN UNION

from your home telephone or nearest coin box or drop into a convenient Western Union Office.

quired that keys be removed from parked cars.

I think the manufacturer of the vehicle was the offender, not the thief or the owner. Had the truck been built properly, the offense would not have occurred. A simple rearrangement of the assembly of the key switch would assure the removal of the key at the time of parking. It would consist of simply rearranging the tumblers in the switch so that the motor would not stop until the key was removed and not just turned (key removed means it goes with the driver). If a driver elected to leave the key in the switch and the motor running for a half-minute stop, no thief would molest the car, fearing the owner's return too quickly for his purloin-

In the instance mentioned, the truck owner would have had to remove the key and deliver it to the garage man or hide it in the truck at a place known to both of them.

Approves New Features

Says C. G. LAMPMAN, Hon. Rotarian Former Shipping Executive Sault Ste, Marie, Michigan

In The Editors' Workshop for June you ask for it, so here goes: Yes, I like the new features and arrangements. THE ROTARIAN has come a long way since the first numbers I saw in 1919 when I became a member of the Rotary Club of Sault Ste. Marie. Today it is, in my opinion, the finest magazine printed in the U.S.A. in appeal to the eye, the mind, and the spirit!

New Format Approved

By ROGER LEVY Editor, Rotary Service London, England

Just a line to congratulate you on the new cover and new typography in THE ROTARIAN for June. To my mind, all the changes are for the better.

Face Lifting Excellent

Thinks LEWIS A. RILEY Associate Editor Commerce Magazine Chicago, Illinois

I think the face lifting on your June issue is excellent. Somehow the articles all seem to be more interest arousing and, while not a radical change, I think your cover is considerably more arresting.

A Large Order for U.S.A.

Believes John Quinn West, Rotarian Attorney

Clayton, Georgia

No one will find fault with the earnest desire of William O. Douglas [The Way to Win in the East, The Rotarian for June] to better the conditions of the poverty-stricken people of Asia, but I must object wholeheartedly to the tone of his article, as well as that of the other contributing writers who agree with him, in that he appears to lay the blame for the miseries of the Asiatic peoples upon America's doorstep.

We gather from these articles that the

American people carry around in their hands the millennium, and that all we have to do in the way of providing happiness and plenitude among the people of the East is to change our ways, and give them forthwith the medical care, schools, and land reform that they want. Justice Douglas says, "We must take over the guidance and direction of these revolutions if we want a free world." That would seem to be a large order even for such a powerful nation as our

I cannot see that we should make any apologies for being what we have been in our dealings with the people of Asia -to wit: kind, generous, humane, and helpful.

'Inspiring and Precise'

Believes ROBERT C. FRENCH, Rotarian Realtor

Ocean City, New Jersey

The article by William O. Douglas, The Way to Win in the East [THE Ro-TARIAN for June], was one of the most inspiring and precise articles I have had the pleasure of reading. The philosophy and basic thought of this article could well be one of Rotary's greatest contributions toward International Service.

Douglas Article 'Impressive'

Holds ROBERT E. KINTNER, Rotarian Department-Store Proprietor Olean, New York

The article by William O. Douglas, The Way to Win in the East [THE Ro-TARIAN for June], with comments by Carlos P. Romulo, Walter H. Judd, R. Daval, and Karim A. Azkoul, is the most impressive article of that character

which has appeared in any publication -or, for that matter, in the public press -in recent years. . . . I am of the opin-ion that if a copy of this was placed on the desk of every member of Congress, It might have some effect on pending and future legislation in both houses.

Re: Way to Win in East

By SAM O. POTTORFF, Rotarian Realtor

Edinburg, Texas All of us would like to see all the people of the earth peaceful, prosperous, and contented, but I do not find in William O. Douglas' article, The Way to Win in the East [THE ROTARIAN for June], a solution to the problem of how to bring this about. He says that "We talk about democracy and justice, and at the same time we support regimes whose object is to keep democracy and justice out of reach of the peasants for all time," and, "We put billions of dollars behind corrupt and reactionary Governments which exempt the rich from income taxes and fasten the hold of an oligarchy tighter and tighter on the nation."

While he is not specific, still Justice Douglas should know whereof he speaks, and, assuming so, I would agree that such course of action is certainly the wrong approach. Our forefathers freed themselves from bad rule and set up their own Government. Revolution is sometimes the only way out if man would be free, but I do not gather that Justice Douglas is advocating that either, or that we encourage misruled peoples to throw off the yoke of bad government. He does say that "we should sup-

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

Y OU'VE read this issue of The Rotarian—now test yourself on what you have read. Your answers to the following questions will point toward your ability to read-and remember. The correct answers will be found on page 61.

I. Man, says Rotarian Marvel Beem, needs food and employment, but most

needed is:

Financial security for old age.

A cheerful spirit of service to others. An annual vacation from our woes. 2. The choice facing the people of China today, according to Tingfu F. Tsiang, is between:

Coalition with India or military rule. U. S. rule or British rule. Communism or national independence.

3. The hound of Hound in My Hair taught a housewife a dog's need for:

Brushing, Affection. Bones.
4. To improve the lot of his fellow Argentines, Rotarian José Roger Balet has done two of the following. Which is the exception?

Financed 50 schools. Given bonuses for languages learned. Paid children a wage for schoolwork.

5. Who said, "That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee"? The keeper of the bees. Marcus Aurelius. Luther Burbank.

6. Mexico is becoming unified geographically through the development of: Better roads through the mountains. Free governmental transportation.

Short-line air transportation. 7. A vacation, as humorously treated by Robert M. Yoder, is something to be enjoyed but not:

Planned like a military battle. Worried over because of expenses. Summarized in detail for friends.

8. The debate-of-the-month concerns an act termed "genocide." What does it mean?

The killing of one's relatives.

The destruction of a racial group.
The suppression of ideas.
9. Participants in the third National Boy and Girl Better Fishing Rodeo last numbered:

500.000 3.000. 3,000. 300,000. 3,000,000.

10. The Rotary Club of Smethwick, England, recently awarded scholarships for the study of: The Festival of Britain.

The free-enterprise system. The United Nations. The Rotary Foundation

port to the hilt real friends such as Nehru in India and Razmara in Iran.". . .

Has Nehru a program for the enlightenment of India and the inculcation of individual freedom, equality, and responsibility to its teeming millions? Does Nehru recognize Communism as a clear and present danger to free men all over the earth, including India? If so, is he prepared to stand with the United States against it, or will he, under pressure, submit to the dictatorship of Loviet Russia to our peril as well as his own?

Let us do all we can to protect and guide all men to freedom, but, in so doing, let us remember that we must retain our own freedom at home or we labor for naught.

'Way to Win' Timely

Says Gerald R. Hallenbeck, Rotarian Optometrist

Catskill, New York

We of Rotary have long been proud of the high-level type of material contained in our magazine. It is my opinion, however, that the article *The Way to Win in the East*, by William O. Douglas [The Rotarian for June], is practically inspired, coming as it has in our crucial time of peril.

Rotary could do no greater service in our country than to see that this message is made known to every citizen, if necessary paraphrased to meet every level of intellect and thinking lethargy.

A Region Unspoiled

View of G. C. Thomson, Rotarian Barrister-at-Law

Swift Current, Sask., Canada

I don't know intimately the region pictured on the cover of The Rotarian for June, but I did visit it a dozen years ago. One knew the wide reputation of the Lake district for beauty, and its popularity, for it is within a couple of hours' reach of millions of holiday makers. So what did strike me peculiarly was how unspoiled seemed the whole of Lakeland.

Commercialism was under strict control; lake shores were all but untouched; inns and cafes sported no flaming paint; even roadside service stations hardly offended the natural charm. The villages held their old-fashioned, rose-bowered beauty. Best of all, there were no billboards. How much has taste done for rural England.

But something is due to the National Trust, a private society of lovers of England. It has protected and preserved in Lakeland alone dozens of lovely old cottages, historic homes, hilltops, woods, and farms, for the free pleasure of future generations.

Footnoting Skiddaw Photo

By RICHMOND MAYSON, Rotarian Past Service

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada I was thrilled to see a picture of my home country on the front cover of The ROTARIAN for June. My home where I spent so many years of my life is between the hill in the foreground and the mountains in the background. I have



Get floors really clean...faster!

Cleansers designed for hand-scrubbing cannot be expected to give the fast cleaning action required for machine-scrubbing. In an attempt to get floors thoroughly clean, the operator of a scrubbing machine using a slow-acting cleanser may resort to prolonged brush action, but that needlessly piles up mileage on the machine, increases labor costs, and prematurely wears out the brushes. To utilize the full cleaning capacity of your scrubbing machine—to get floors flimfree clean in minimum time—choose a cleanser that's specially made for machine-scrubbing. All Finnell Cleansers are. And there's a type for every need, including Setol, the mineral oil solvent for cleaning oily wood floors, and Finola, the Original Scouring Powder, for heavy duty scrubbing of smooth, hard-surface floors.

It's good to know that the nearby Finnell man, a specialist who shares Finnell's forty-eight years of experience in floor care, is readily available to help train your maintenance operators in the proper use of Finnell Equipment and Supplies... to recommend cleaning schedules for most effectual care... and to make periodic check-ups. For con-

sultation, demonstration, or literature, phone or write nearest Finnell Branch or Finnell System, Inc., 4708 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana. Branch Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

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roamed over Skiddaw many times—in fact, I was there to spend a year's holiday and returned only three years ago.

Standing a little higher upon the hill above the farm shown in the photograph, one can see, at the right, Lake Derwentwater, which is surrounded by mountains in this valley. Across the valley, at the foot of Skiddaw, is the town of Keswick. To the right, and along the mountainside, is the home of Sir Hugh Walpole, depicted in Rogue Herries' books. On one of the islands in the lake was the home of Lord Derwentwater, who was beheaded by King James.

Across the lake are Lodore Falls, made famous by Robert Southey in his poem How the Water Comes Down at Lodore, and by this waterfall, also, is the country which the poet Gray remarked was too rough for him to travel. To the left of us, and about 12 miles away, is Cockermouth, where William Wordsworth was born. The two Coleridges, Robert Southey, John Ruskin, also are from this valley.

The first pencil factory in the world is still operating in the Keswick valley, since it was here that plumbago was discovered back in the 17th Century. Another interesting point about the mountains of Skiddaw is that John Peel hunted over them. His home and burial place are on the other side of Skiddaw.

Rotary Clubs may be interested in knowing that I have two 16-mm. (silent) color films on the area around Skiddaw. They are available for loan to Rotary Clubs in the United States and Canada upon request to me at 458 Ninth Street E. Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Skiddaw Recognized

By Kenneth W. Taylor, Rotarian Tea-Estate Agent

St. Annes-on-Sea, England

As soon as I saw the cover picture for The Rotarian for June, I recognized it. I know the spot, but cannot claim to know its lore. I have a great love for our English Lake District, which to me and to countless others, in its varied way, is the loveliest spot on earth.

It so happened that I received my copy of The ROTABIAN a few days after I had returned home from a ten-day walking tour in the Lake District. In the course of the ten days I walked more than 130 miles by the map, which as you

will know does not allow for the extra miles travelled in climbing the many mountains involved in such a trip. . . .

In the course of the first six days or so I made my way over to the other side of the Lake District to Patterdale, at the head of Ullswater, which to me is the loveliest of all the lakes. Ullswater with its views of the grim face of Helvellyn, with the snow in great patches still remaining on those of its slopes sheltered from the heat of the sun. I have a vivid recollection of the not-toodifficult climb to the summit (3,118 feet). About two-thirds of the way up, the summit of the pass leading from Patterdale to Keswick was reached, and it was at this point that Skiddaw, the background of your cover picture, came into view. What a view that is: on the far left the mass of Bowfell and the Langdale Pikes with the peaks of the Sca Fell range behind them; farther to the right the summits of Great and Green Gable may be picked out; below the deep blue of Thirlmere and away over to the right in the distance the hazier blue of Bassenthwaite, with the mass of the Skiddaw range apparently rising out of it. Behind in the distance can be seen almost the whole length of Ullswater and towering up immediately to the left the upper slopes and peaks of Helvellyn. Truly it can be claimed to be one of the most magnificent views to be seen any-

Hitchhiking Debate Helpful

To Hans Wallenberg U. S. Foreign Service Reserve Officer Munich, Germany

Readers of The ROTARIAN should know that the debate-of-the-month Pick Up Hitchhikers? [August, 1950] proved of help to me in my work here as a United States Foreign Service Reserve Officer ir Germany.

In this capacity I am editing in Munich. Frankfurt, and Berlin the official United States Government daily Die Neue Zeitung for the German population, a newspaper published as an operation of HICOG. Recently in a law case involving hitchhiking, the American judge's attitude was greatly misinterpreted by German public opinion. Fortunately, I was able to explain the situation over here to the German people, by reference to some of the ideas of the contributors to the debate.

My Young Strong Man

He picked up the poster near Kelly's Saloon.
And brought it home happily, wild as a loon.
"THE MASSIVE MASSINO, THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN,
CAN BUILD YOU IRON MUSCLES . . . etc.," it ran.
He pinned it up carefully where he could see
The Massiro beam down at "Massino-to-be,"
As duly each morning with bar-bell and weight,
He sweated and grunted to strong man's estate.
And after the puffing and blowing were done,
He stood by the poster, and fexed, one by one,
Each arm, adolescent, to see if it gained
A muscle or so; and, if not, he looked pained.
It was work but he loved it with all his boy's soul,
And he only grew weak when asked to fetch coal!

-JOSEPH FORSTER HOGBEN



Rotary's Job Today

CHARLES V. STEWART, Rotarian High-School Principal Mullens, West Virginia

Just what is the job of Rotary today? We may begin from the point that membership in this Club . . . is a privilege known only by people who hold that the right of the individual supersedes that of the State or the authority of any leader. To many of us this statement doesn't register, simply because we have never known really what the loss of freedom means. But for the Rotarian who will study the world blight of freedom of the individual to speak, to move about, to trade, to worship as he chooses, he will see a battle for his own existence not only as a Clu's member, but as a free member of a free society. For Rotarians or for any citizen, for that matter, to cease to fight for human rights is intellectual, moral, and religious suicide!-From a Rotary Club address

No Room for Fear

WILLIAM C. KLOMAN, Rotarian Surgical-Instruments Distributor Washington, D. C.

The following lines by John Glossinger, a long-time friend of mine, appeared in the ASTA Journal. They appealed to me, and I think they will to other Rotarians. Here they are:

Rotarians. Here they are:

We have no fear of what has happened.
Our fear is of what might happen. Our fear, therefore, is merely opinion. What will happen is entirely unknown to us. Why give life, then, to something that does not exist? Fear never need enter your life if you decline to accept it. Life is growth in things that do exist. Life is rich with the good and noble, if we make it so. Life is a concrete fact, filled with abundance. Fill your mind with the blessings of life and there will be no room for fear.

At the Shrine of a Great Soul

MARTIN M. WEITZ, Rotarian

Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas Many of us have visited the Lincoln Memorial in Washington and have been prompted to voice a refrain to catch the echo from the "Shrine of the Great Sad Man." This represents a momentous meeting with Lincoln. This is offered as a humble wreath of words in commemoration of his birth, life, and death.

Marble pillars give an inviting sense of majesty, and stone supports lend a tone of simplicity. All is a graduated effect toward the statue of Lincoln. He is vast, huge, magnificent, also simple and sad. His hair is a-toss even as the Union was, his eyes are dulled with pain, but fired with subdued vision—mild, pleading. His beard is barely trimmed. There is a wart on his right

cheek and his mouth is parted with the hint of a smile. His wrinkles are gentle and soft as the Illinois hillocks and vales. His rough-hewn grandeur suggests the American prairie, the pinktinted sunrise over unplowed fields and the red-flecked horizon over areas ripe for harvest. His simple speeches engraved on marble walls still may be heard-with a moment of silence. It is almost a sanctuary for a man almost holy. If we could only keep him a great soul, unspoiled by promoters of national heroes; if we could only cherish him as a great man, not as a marble god! . . .- From a radio address.

Repudiation the Price of Failure

Charles H. Sherman, Jr., Rotarian Director, Children's Home Pleasantville, New York

Tom Paine once said, "These are the times that try men's souls." The differ-

ence in times is that we have more experience than most generations. We have acquired the guts, and courage, and the know-how, and the will to survive. Falling, our offspring in their long night of desperation would one day repudiate us when all that is sacred to us would have vanished under the rule of soulless conquerors. May God inspire us and our leaders to act wisely, to preserve the best of our way of life and to improve upon it.—From a Rotary Club address.

Liberty Is Earned

Hamilton W. McKay, M.D. Honorary Rotarian Surgeon Charlotte, North Carolina

The term "organized medicine" has no meaning except as it be defined in terms of individual responsibility. Unless and until the doctor on Main Street faces up to the deficiencies of his profession and



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We can win the fight for medical freedom if and when we decide to look after our own business. This means sacrifice, hard work, and devotion to organized medicine. Above all else, it means that liberty is possessed only by those who earn the right to be free and employ that freedom in such a fashion as to maintain and enhance the respect and confidence in which the physician is held by his community.—From a Rotary Club address.

Sunrise Depends upon Men

ARTHUR J. BAZATA, Rotarian Hotel Manager Denver, Colorado

One of our favorite old ballads, published in 1919, is the love song The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise. Little reason could its composers have had to foresee that some 30-odd years later the title of their romantic melody would have so much deeper significance to us all than they had ever intended. And yet, is it not true that today—right now—the world is waiting for the sunrise? The world Is waiting for the sunrise of peace among nations. The world is waiting for the sunrise of brotherhood among men. The world is waiting for the sunrise of economic security, political freedom, and human happiness for all who now tread and ever will upon the face of the earth. This sunrise—for which the world is waiting—will creep slowly upon the horizon and shine only to the extent that you and I aid in its glory.—From a Rotary Club address.

Thanks!

LARRY PENDLETON, Rotarian Advertising Executive Glendale, California

The following poem was written by Carl H. Arbenz, a fellow Rotarian of Glendale. It expresses a sentiment which many of us can well be reminded of these days.

It's a gracious WORD when you think it.
It's an encouraging WORD when you say it.
It's an inspiring WORD when you hear it.
It's a magic WORD when you mean it.

It soothes the SOUL and gladdens the heart There is great POWER in it, so do your part You will surely find riches, paid on demand If you use that WORD whenever you can— "THANKS."

China Is Choosing

[Continued from page 10]

Formosa, the Nationalist Government with the aid of the Economic Cooperation Administration has been able to restore economic production to prewar levels. It has also introduced and completed fundamental agrarian reform, reducing the rent tenants have to pay to the landlords by one-third. The counties and towns on the Island of Formosa now enjoy local self-government. Further reforms can and should be made and President Chiang Kai-shek is as eager to effect these reforms as anybody else. The Nationalist Government has demonstrated that even an Asian country people can improve their standard of living under a system of freedom.

The Nationalist Government started. in 1927, frankly as a one-party Government, but it promised that after a period of tutelage it would introduce liberal, constitutional rule with freedom for the people to participate in the Government and to organize rival political parties. Right in the midst of war with Japan the Government began to fulfill this promise. Both at national and provincial levels, the Government organized assemblies, at first with a majority of appointees, but by the end of the war with a majority of elected representatives. As soon as the war was over, the Government convened a constituent assembly with representatives elected by the people to draft and pass a Constitution for China. Under this Constitution, now

in force, the Executive is responsible to the Legislature. That is the Govern ment that today offers the alternative to the one set up by the Chinese Communist party.

Which will be the choice of the Chinese people—not the 8 million on Formosa but the 450 million on the mainland? That is the crucial question.

A weathervane, pointing to the an swer, is the growing dissatisfaction of mainland Chinese with the Communist regime. While their fellow Chi nese in Formosa are prospering under Nationalist reforms, the people back of the bamboo curtain have been bitterly disappointed. Peasants have received small lots of land, but they find the taxes take more away than they have received. Furthermore, they are beginning to realize that the ultimate objective of Marxist land reform is not distribution of land to private ownership but collectivization and State ownership of all means of production. What is given to them now will ultimately be taken away.

They are finding, furthermore, that their sons are being continually conscripted for war and public works. They find that they have no freedom of movement, not to say freedom of speech or belief. In fact, under Communism they find they have no freedom at all. The Korean War has increased the already heavy burden of the Chinese people. The casualties among the Chinese armies have been enormous and the supplies of food and clothing required by the Korean cam-

paign mean to the common people of China empty stomachs and shivering bodies.

Even last Summer, the New York Times reliably reported revolts flaring up over wide areas. "Rebellious peasants" were striking against ruinous taxes, the dispatch said, and "are carrying on guerrilla warfare. Responsible Chinese [Communist] sources say the peasants have blown up bridges, destroyed railway roadbeds, and committed industrial sabotage. . . High Communist officials are quoted describing the scale of the peasant unrest as "serious." . . . "

The peasant rebellions inside Communist-controlled areas of China are spreading. They are found in Manchuria, in North and Central China, and now in South China. The Taihu (Lakes) region of the Province of Kiangsu alone now has a guerrilla unit of some 200,000 men. Similar groups are found in the Provinces of Hupeh, Honan, Anhwei, Hunan, Shensi, Kwantung, and many other regions. Some of these groups are spontaneous and some are organized by the Government, but all of them maintain close liaison with the Central authorities.

Guerrilla forces behind the bamboo curtain now total 1,600,000 men. They are not well organized nor are they well equipped. Weapons and means of communication are lacking. But they continue to fight on, with such moral and material support as can be supplied from Formosa. They hope desperately for more adequate material—but not manpower, which is not needed—from the West.

So it is that the Chinese people are making their choice. It is less and less for the Communist way of life and more and more for the system which will make China an independent country, and open the way for development of its social and economic resources in a way that will benefit the people. This is a fact of profound significance for the freedom-loving world, for "As goes China, so goes Asia"-and Asia, I remind my readers, not only is the largest of this earth's continents and the most densely populated, but the richest in oil and minerals

Answers to Klub Quiz on Page 56

1. A cheerful spirit of service to others (page 6). 2. Communism or national independence (page 9). 3. Affection (page 12). 4. Paid children a wage for schoolwork (page 19). 5. Marcus Aurelius (page 27). 6. Short-line air transportation (page 32). 7. Summarized in detail for friends (page 24). 8. The destruction of a racial group (page 14). 9. 3,000,000 (page 28). 10. The United Nations (page 36).



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UNIQUE is the word for the hobby of ROTARIAN JOSEPH JAGOLINZER, a furniture retailer of Cranston, Rhode Island. What he does with postage stamps, others do with oils, water colors, crayon, or pen and ink. Let him tell you about his "philatelic creations."

PEOPLE see things, so psychologists say, in the light of their own experiences. An engineer, for example, looks at a gigantic rock formation and sees structural strength, while a geologist looks at the same formation and sees historic traces of an earlier age. The origin of my hobby lies somewhere in the reasoning that accounts for such personalized responses.

By education and profession I am a textile designer, and I think in terms of design. Thus, instead of using postage stamps solely for mailing purposes. I use them for designing what I call "philatelic creations"-seascapes, landscapes, portraits, and forms of still life. It's a painting technique that has unlimited possibilities in color expression, and offers many opportunities to portray such artistic details as facial expression, perspective, and shading,

Long an admirer of the art of stamp design and coloring, I became interested in stamps as a medium for design when a neighbor of mine received a greeting card that, by means of a clever stamp arrangement, portrayed a Dutch girl in native costume. Realistic right down to the turned-up wooden shoes and depicting-a gayly colored dress, the greeting card convinced me that artistic expression could be achieved through the use of postage stamps. It was then that I decided to try my hand at it.

Simple arrangements came first: a shield-shaped design picturing the American eagle, and another that featured the American flag. Then came floral patterns, landscapes, and other delineations. During this early period I experimented with the use of brush and pen lines to accentuate certain details

of my creations, but as my technique improved, I found that hand-drawn lines were not needed. Philatelic artwork, I decided, could stand alone,

It helps, of course, in creating this kind of art, if you know colors and have a sense of proportion. But stripped to its essentials, this is my technique for it: I begin by outlining the design in pencil to provide a preformed working pattern for proportion, balance, and emphasis. Then the cutting and placing of stamps begin. Usually I make a tracing of each area to be covered by a single stamp, and from the tracing I cut the stamp chosen for its particular color and design. As the work progresses, each stamp pasted down imparts new form and color to the picture being philatelically painted. Its piece-by-piece development can be compared with that of a jigsaw puzzle.

Aside from the cutting and pasting, there is the matter of stamp classification to consider. This is done on the basis of color to provide quick selection of the particular stamp being sought. By so grouping the stamps-reds, blues, greens, yellows - available shades are instantly seen.

My largest design is a floral arrangement [see cut] that measures 22 by 15 inches. Created for my wife on our 25th wedding anniversary, it demonstrates what can be done with stamps selected for their light and dark coloring. The spherical effect of the vase is partly attributable to the precise placement of stamps bearing prominent cancellation marks

Another effect achievable with wavy cancellation lines is distinctive pattern and an impression of movement. The picture of the Asiatic women in a billowing skirt [see cut] illustrates this quality. The flowing lines of her kimono and the outline of the arms are brought out almost entirely by cancellation marks. Perspective is another element this work shows in the formation of the fan held in the left hand. The design







What others do with palette and brush, Rotarian Jagolinzer does entirely with postage stamps. Here are three of his "philatelic creations"—with every line, delicate shading, and perspective accomplished without the use of a pen or brush stroke.

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diminishes in size to give the effect that the fan is being held at an angle instead of flat.

In the field of portrait design, stamps are equally adaptable. Among my stampmade portraits are likenesses of General Dwight Eisenhower and General Douglas MacArthur, both works completely created with stamps and untouched by either pen or brush strokes. The portraits stand out against a background of stamps bearing the faces of historical personages, adding a touch



With the material of his art before him, Rotarian Jagolinzer trims a pos age stamp to the precise design needed to create a minute portion of a picture.

which, in my opinion, instills a lively aspect to the over-all effect.

Another portrait of which I am quite proud is that of a rabbi in whose face endeavored to portray age, benevolence, and understanding. Into the likeness went some 500 stamps, and those who have seen it have commented on the qualities I set out to capture.

For those who would undertake this form of creative endeavor as a hobby, I should like to give a word of encour agement. During World War II, I taught this art form to convalescing servicemen at a naval hospital in the East, and many without previous artistic training did surprisingly well. Maybe you will,

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Pen Pals: The following have indicate eir interest in having pen friends:

their interest in having pen friends:
Molle Josephine Dens (12-year-old daugh
ter of Roturian—wants pen pals aged 12-13
throughout the world; likes sparis, music reading; collects unusual names). 7 Lawrence Ave., Potsdam, N. Y. USA.
Gloria Sineath (16-year-old niece of Roterian—wishes to write to teen-apers; interested in music, movies, dancing, church and
burg, S. C. USA. S. Boulevard, OrangeGrace Eugenia Sineath (13-year-old niece
of Rotarian—wishes pen pals around the
world), 282 S. Boulevard, Orangeburg, S. C.,
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Stripped GEARS



ductor, "if I pay fare for my dog, he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat."
"Of course, madam," the conductor

replied, politely, "he will be treated the same as other passengers, and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it."—The Kablegram.

If some of us practiced what we preached, we'd work our fool selves to death .- Roundup, EL PASO, TEXAS.

"Dad, what is heredity?"

"Heredity, my boy, is what a man believes in until his son begins to act like a fool."-Priorities.

The Sunday-school class was composed of 3-year-olds. The teacher asked: "Do any of you remember who St. Matthew was?" No answer.

"Well, does anyone remember who St. Mark was?" Still no answer,

"Surely some of you must remember

who Peter was?" The little faces were full of interest,

but the room remained quiet. Finally a tiny voice came from the back of the

"I fink he was a wabbit!"-The Nutmeg, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

Answers to Quizzes

How's York Island [4,7] Borneo. S. Cooling and Cooling

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. The following story is from William Porkess, an honorary member of the Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, Rotary Club.

Just before church one morning the minister's dog, a fox terrier, chewed up half the day's sermon. The pastor explained the situation to his congregation. After the service a visitor asked:

"Would you mind telling me what kind of a dog you have? I am returning home tomorrow, and the first thing I shall do is to make our pastor a present of that kind of dog."

State of Mind

I made a mental note one day, I struggled to compile it, Then had to throw the thing away; I had no place to file it. -Florence Pedigo Jansson

How's Your Island I.Q.?

How many islands can you identify from the following clues? 1. The "wild man" of the circus comes

from this one. 2. It's pear shaped and is called the

"Pearl of the Orient." 3. It divides Niagara Falls into the American Falls and the Horseshoe Falls.

4. Snakeless and green. 5. Produces bay-rum leaves for the

bay-rum industry. 6. Home of perhaps the largest living

7. Actress Lily Langtry came from this one.

8. "Liberty Enlightening the World"

9. Once called Van Diemen's Land by its discoverer, this South Pacific island now bears its discoverer's name.

10. Could be the home of Santa Claus. This quiz was submitted by Will Barker, of Washington, D. C.

Armchair Wanderlust

If you are viewing the following places, where in the world are you?

1. St. Mark's Square. 2. Independence Hall. 3. The Peace Tower. 4. Faneuil Hall. 5. The Bear Pit. 6. The Louvre. 7. Jefferson Memorial. 8. Rosenborg Castle, 9 Vieux Carré. 10. The Pitti Palace. 11. The Acropolis. 12. Trafalgar Square. 13. Largest diamond-cutting works. 14. Soldier Field. 15. St. Peter's Cathedral.

16. The Mormon Tabernacle. 17. Radio City. 18. Fishermen's Wharf. 19. Colosseum. 20. Mount Royal.

This quiz was submitted by Cecilia H. Burnham, of Lincoln, Nebraska. The answers to these guizzes will be found in the next column.

Lest I Weaken

I fled from superstition. As normal people should, And honor that decision With frequent knocks on wood. -GENE FROMHERZ

Judging from some of the specimens they pick for husbands, no wonder brides blush .- The Rotator, ABILENE, TEXAS

A porter in a hotel was asked why rich men usually gave smaller tips than poor men.

"Well, sir," he answered, "the rich man don't want nobody to know he's rich and the poor man don't want nobody to know he's poor."-Rotaflash, OAK CLIFF (DALLAS), TEXAS.

A woman with a dog in tow was preparing to board a train.

"I suppose," she said to the train con-

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of a limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago I, Illinois. . . .

This month's winner comes from Edgar C. Hastings, a Uniontown, Pennsylvania, Rotarian. Closing date for lines to com-plete it is October 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

UP HILL A doctor by the name of Bill Hill Relied on the old-fashioned pill, Yet he was quite up to date When he figured his rate,

RUSH FLUSH Here again is the bobtailed limerick presented in The Rotarian for April: Said a wife to her hubby one day, "This date should some memory convey." But he looked into space With a flush on his face,

Here are the "ten best" last lines: "Rent due?" was all he could say.

(A. C. Pence, member of the Rotary Club of Coshocton, Ohio.) That would shame the dawn of a day.
(Major Jackson, Erieau, Ontario, Canada.)

And wished to stowaway to Bombay.

(Mrs. H. C. Gabhart, wife of a
Williamsburg, Kentucky, Rotarian.)

"Twas sixty years ago I said 'love and obey.

(Barbara Heinzkill, daughter of an Appleton, Wisconsin, Rotarian.) And stammered, "It ain't my birthday." (Louis A. Walker, member of the Rotary Club of Rockland, Maine.) For his mind had been far, far away.
(William Brumm, son of a Marquette, Michigan, Rotarian.)

Till she said it was his mother's day.
(Mrs. Wm. H. Allford, Larkhall, Scotland.)

(Mrs. Wm. H. Allford, Larkhell, Scotland.)
"I'll move into the doghouse and stay."
(Mrs. Richard Jackson, wife of a Tampa, Florida, Rotarian.)
For he knew, when he knew, that he'd pay.
(F. G. B. Lawrence, member of the Rotary Club of Upper Norwood, England.)
He bowed and said. "Let us pray."
(H. L. Sullivan, member of the Rotary Club of Mariette, Ohio.)



Reproduction of a 1-column advertisement from The Rotarian, prepared and placed by Hening & Company, Inc., Philadelphia, advertising agency for Prat-Daniel Corporation, So. Norwalk, Conn.

The Rotarian out-pulls the other magazines by

3-to-1,

says

Duis Owlita

President
PRAT-DANIEL CORPORATION



Because he was impressed with the advertising possibilities of The Rotarian Magazine, Mr. Whiton suggested to his advertising agency that they make test runs of advertising programs for Thermobloc Heaters with The Rotarian and two other business magazines. Mr. Whiton personally checked the results,

"I know that you will be interested to learn," he wrote us, "that the numerical results show a ratio of 3-1 replies to advertisements in The Rotarian Magazine, compared with the other magazines. Furthermore, the return per dollar invested in advertising has been greater than from any other similar magazine amongst the many in which this product is advertised by the Prat-Daniel Corporation."

NOTE: That is why the agency for Thermobloc Heaters increased the frequency of its ad schedule in The Rotarian.

Based on RESULTS, many other advertisers have written us similar letters about their outstanding sales successes in using The Rotarian. It's RESULTS that count—not hand-waving. The Rotarian influences the thinking and buying of business and community leaders (net paid circulation over 285,000). Because these top-executive subscribers believe in the magazine—because it is an important part of their life—national advertisers of quality products and services for business, home and community get RESULTS. Your inquiry about this executive, leadership audience is invited . . . and without obligation.



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